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THE SPHERE, JULY 2, 1938
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIV No. 2006 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 2 1938

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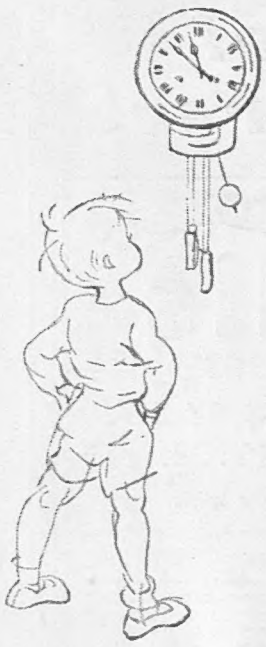
The Questioner

Why is sugar always sweet?

Why are lemons sour?

Why do sixty little minutes

Always make an hour?



Why does tickling make you laugh?

And onions make you cry?

Why is salt like Cerebos

Always crisp and dry?

There are so many things to learn

So long as you're alive

And I'm already getting on,

You see, I'm nearly five.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 2, 1938

BRITAIN'S SPEEDY NEW BOMBER

Mr. Handley Page Describing to Lord and Lady Hampden and Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister for Air, Details of the "Hampden" Aircraft

"May the spirit of John Hampden, the defender of civil liberties, inspire all who fly in you. I wish you Godspeed and good luck." With these words Lady Hampden, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, named the first plane of the Hampden type at the Handley Page aerodrome, Radlett, at a ceremony which took place in the presence of a distinguished company, including the Secretary of State for Air, Sir Kingsley Wood. The new machine is a twin-engined, monoplane, medium bomber, heavily armed for defence and having an appearance that has prompted a wit to refer to it as the "flying suitcase." The Hampden's introduction evidences the rapidity with which aeronautical design is progressing in this country, as witness the fact that it has a top speed comparable with that of fighters now in service and can carry a bigger load over a longer distance at a much greater speed than the older Harrow bomber which is about double its size. In a speech at the naming ceremony the Air Minister expressed his satisfaction at the standard of work obtaining in our aircraft factories, and he mentioned that the numbers employed in the industry had risen from 30,000 in 1935 to 90,000 at the present moment. On Thursday last Sir Kingsley started his big drive for 31,000 R.A.F. recruits who have to be obtained within nine months to keep pace with the service's programme of expansion providing for a fully-manned front line strength of 3,360 aircraft by March, 1940

Postage—Inland, 1½d., Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

"I BELIEVE THAT IN THE PRINTED WORD—AS LONG AS TRUTH BE FREE—THERE IS A POWER MORE POTENT THAN GUNS, MORE INVINCIBLE THAN STEEL" were words used by Lord Southwood (above), this year's President of the Advertising Association, in his notable address in Glasgow when he opened the International Convention. The Old Stager refers to the speech in detail on this page

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, June 29, 1938.

LORD SOUTHWOOD AT GLASGOW.—This year's President of the Advertising Association, Lord Southwood, opened the International Convention at the Exhibition in Glasgow on June 27. He chose as the subject of his inaugural address "The influence of advertising on the lives of the people." It is an interesting subject and Lord Southwood was obviously well qualified to deal with it in all its aspects, or as many of them as time allowed him. For indeed the subject ranges from the power of propaganda, controlled by dictators to direct vast national movements, to the apparently very hostile reaction of the general public towards commercial sky-advertising. Public men in the course of their duties and functions make many pronouncements, trite and otherwise, and mostly trite. One hears the same old maxims rattled off and one wonders how it helps and if it helps. I was struck by some of Lord Southwood's opinions and aphorisms, for they seemed to me to ring true and to contain the essentials—common sense, sincerity, aptness. One especially. He slashed that ineffable slogan of the great war, "Business as usual." "Was ever such a travesty of the truth? Such a living lie? You cannot kill millions of potential customers and have 'Business as usual' *in* war or for generations afterwards." That puts in a nutshell the economic aspect of the Great Illusion. And again: "Only by guarding the truth itself can we guard the greatest of all our liberties: the right to proclaim the truth." That is sound sense, well put. And it is a warning alike to Dictators, to the Premiers of Democracies, and to those who advertise a liver pill. Lord Southwood, in pressing upon all sane, responsible people their duty to further by every means the supreme need of the world to-day—peace and understanding, indicated his own view of the most powerful weapon to employ. "I believe that in the printed word—as long as truth be free—there is a power more potent than guns, more invincible than steel." As long as truth be free—ay, there's the rub.

THE QUEEN'S LOSS.—The sympathy of the nation and Empire will go out to the Queen, to Lord Strathmore and to his surviving children in the death of Lady Strathmore. The French nation has already expressed that sympathy with the practical understanding which one expects of Frenchmen. The Queen of England is a servant of the public in a real sense and France, whatever the sacrifice to herself, hesitated not a minute to secure for her that privilege of privacy which every humble person assumes as a right in like case. It is well known how near and dear to each other were the Queen and her mother. Of Lady Strathmore's great qualities I have already attempted elsewhere to say something, and shall not repeat it. In her character there is proof of the intervention of Destiny in human affairs, for she was fitted by nature to be the mother of a great Queen. A wonderful serenity, matchless dignity, unbounded kindness of heart, combined to produce one of the noblest characters among the great ladies of our time; and the character, temperament and qualities of the Queen were formed on the same model.

A LINK WITH WATERLOO—Waterloo day "dawned" for me at Rushmoor when just after midnight on June 17–18, the massed performers gave the best of all tattoos were singing "Abide with Me." The Tattoo was an incomparable spectacle, as it was a convincing proof of British Army discipline and efficiency, and the show of 1938 would mightily have interested and surprised the Iron Duke. He might have turned up his nose at the physical jerks, deplored the absence of cavalry, criticised Allemarle's methods of storming a farm and a modern huntsman's method of drawing a cover. He would have lost his habitual phlegm when the bombing planes dived into the Army but—he would have appreciated with full understanding the modern army method of handling traffic in bulk. It was not thus on the Namur Road out of Brussels between June 15 and June 19 in 1815. Waterloo day, 123 years after—and the date completes a record of the Duke's surviving and distinguished godson. On June 1 H.R.H. Arthur, Duke of Connaught completed his seventy years on the active list. He was named after the Iron Duke who died in '52, a year after his Royal godson was born. Thus the Duke of Connaught can treasure no memory of Wellington, though several living men can still recall his appearance. My father, who is ninety-two, was five years old when he saw him.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT RECEIVES PURSES at the garden fete held at Englefield House, Reading, on behalf of the Centenary Appeal of the Royal Berkshire Hospital. Since Her Royal Highness went to live at Iver in neighbouring Buckinghamshire, she has found time, amidst her numerous other public engagements, to identify herself largely with local affairs

VALOUR'S REWARD: The Princess Royal presenting a medal to Eileen Wareham for saving five children from a runaway horse. A picture taken during Her Royal Highness' visit to Canford School, Dorset, for the county Girl Guide rally

SPAHIS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The French colonial detachment, which has been taking part in the International Horse Show at Olympia, marching out of the courtyard after witnessing the guard-changing ceremony. They were to have escorted the King and Queen on their Paris visit this week, but the Countess of Strathmore's death has caused a change in plans

riding in London. Godson and godfather, the Royal Duke and the Iron Duke were alike in their devotion to the Service by silent, unadvertising service. Their combined service covers almost exactly 150 years, for Wellesley was gazetted ensign in 1787. But the bulk of the vast changes in army organisation, humanisation and military science are compressed into the last two decades.

STONEHENGE VANDALISM.—On the eve of Midsummer Day some "vandals" daubed Stonehenge with green paint. Stonehenge is a part of English history and the heart of old England; it is as much entitled to respect from the average Englishman as is his mother or Westminster Abbey. It is not known who the miscreants were, but there is no reason, unfortunately, to dismiss as absurd the possibility that they were English youths. For a majority of sane, decent Englishmen of the Devil's Punch Bowl? The scars of heath fires at present spoil it, but Nature soon reasserts herself. By no means all the Punch Bowl is National Trust property, and its very heart and key position—fifteen acres of picturesque cottages and pasture in the bottom—remained in private ownership and recently was sold for development, implying the opening-up of the area with metalled roads and the irruption of all sorts of motor vehicles into the very heart of the beauty spot. Celebrated in literature, these fifteen acres were the home of the "broom-squires" who here carried on their trade and made their enclosures. The local committee of the Trust, confident in the backing of the public, local and general, accepted an offer of the new purchaser to resell, and is now called on to find at very short notice the minimum sum of £3,000 necessary to complete the purchase and to maintain it adequately for the public in its natural state. Assuredly, in an ideal democracy, this business of preserving important beauty spots would be a

shares and has always shared these islands with a small minority of crétins, who are often spoken of as "vandals" or "miscreants," but are, in fact, pathological cases; human beings so lacking in brain power as to be in truth lower in the scale of intelligence than certain beasts, such as dogs, cats, monkeys, and certain birds, such as parrots. It is this diseased minority which writes obscenities on the walls of public lavatories, cuts or scrawls its initials on famous shrines, daubs Epstein's statues, broadcasts paper and broken glass over the countryside, sets fire deliberately to commons, and so on. It helps to make Bedlam of what could still be a pleasant world to live in. When it turns its attention to defacing modern art, it can at least claim some show of perverted reasoning. It may claim to be punishing what it conceives to be bad taste. But in the majority of its outrages it can offer no shadow of a shadow of justification for acts of sheer bestiality.

THE PUNCH BOWL, HINDHEAD.—I wonder how many readers of THE SPHERE have visited and enjoyed the wild beauty function of Government. We in enlightened England drag on with private societies dependent on voluntary subscriptions. It is no part of the National Trust's duties to buy land. It is hard enough put to it to raise money to maintain what it already holds. But what would you? The Punch Bowl purchase is a test case of public conscience and public gratitude and public appreciation of its heritage, so vigorously safeguarded for it by volunteers and amateurs. Do you *care*? *How much* do you care? Put your answer in an envelope. Make out your cheque or P.O. to "The Punch Bowl Fund," and send it to Lloyd's Bank, Haslemere.

AUTHENTICITY OF NELSON RELICS.—The disposal of Nelson relics nowadays often raises questions of authenticity. Those disposed of recently from the break-up of little Portisham House ("Possum," the birthplace of Hardy, near Bridport) have a much better genealogical pedigree than many, inasmuch as there was only need to prove the descent of the last owner of them from John Callard Manfield, who was Hardy's brother-in-law, friend, chief correspondent, and legal adviser. There is no question that this Manfield did receive from Hardy's hands relics

THE WEEK-END PREOCCUPATION: Disappointed would-be spectators watching the "Ground Full" notice being put up outside one of the entrances at Lord's on the first day of the second Test match when the total attendance was 32,000, of whom 26,000 paid for admission, and receipts very nearly reached £4,000. There was perfect weather for the first two days, but on Monday rain intervened and play was curtailed by some three hours

both of Nelson and of Hardy. But at a sale of Nelson relics in 1933 the claim was made that the owner, Miss Pamela Hardy, was a granddaughter of an illegitimate son of Thomas Hardy's brother John, and that her relics had descended to her from Sir Thomas. There is, however, no evidence that John left an illegitimate son, for his will never mentioned such a child or his mother, and he left everything he possessed to his sisters. All the Hardy relics of Nelson and of Hardy himself came into the hands of Hardy's youngest daughter, Mary, Lady MacGregor of MacGregor.

WHAT IS LIFE WORTH?—Mr. Justice Langton the other day gave a new subject for a press symposium. He was trying to assess in a lawsuit before him the financial value of a life curtailed of its probable length. The problem is easier settled when questions of earning value for dependants arise. Mr. Justice Langton had to settle a harder one—the actual cash value of the probable happiness or benefit which the curtailed life might have enjoyed if it had run its probable course. In recent years it has been variously assessed. Cynical judges have put it at £100, optimists at £1,500. Judges admit their difficulties. "There is no thermometer of happiness," there is no yard-stick to measure human joy or satisfaction from living. As possible jurymen, you need guidance. How can I help you? Only negatively. Bear in mind that it is the limit of impertinence always to decide that this man is happy, that man unhappy. The possession of money can do nothing but save you certain discomforts and a little anxiety; and in doing that it may very well actually decrease your chance of happiness. For half a century of experience assures me that working, planning, contriving and bringing (in however small degree) to fruition, are the only open doors to a measure of happiness in human life. In the last dozen years of my life I have made up arrears of happiness and derived a considerable annual ration of it from working and contriving to make ends meet. I can estimate the monetary annual value of that ration very exactly at *minus* £100. The fun of life has been gathered in making up that difference between what I spend and my normal visible means of support.

THE OLD STAGER

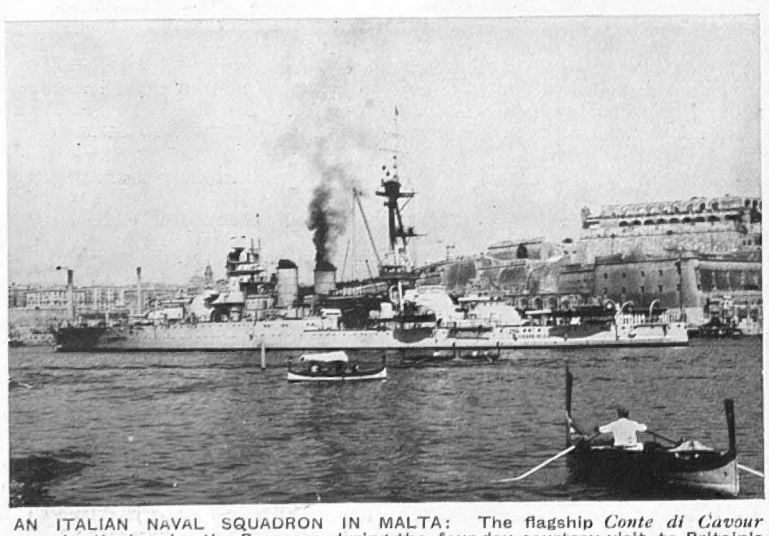
THE SAVOY OPERAS

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Gilbert and Sullivan Season at the Scala

Over sixty years have gone by since W. S. Gilbert, with his urbane satire and the topsy-turveydom of his humour, and Arthur Sullivan, with his irresistible tunes, delighted London with their first brilliant effort at collaboration; but still, despite time's passage, those light operas that brought them fame, that gave Victorian England such an infinity of pleasure, maintain their hold upon public favour, enjoying to-day indeed a quite undiminished popularity, as witness the enthusiasm that has been evoked by the present seven weeks' season, given by the D'Oyly Carte Company at the Scala Theatre, which comes to an end on July 16. To mark the occasion "The Sphere" reproduces this week a special five-page section illustrating the operas, showing scenes from The Gondoliers, The Sorcerer, *one of the lesser known pieces, and* Patience, *the pictures having been specially taken with the permission of Mr. Rupert d'Oyly Carte. In next week's issue there will be a further section, equally elaborately presented.*

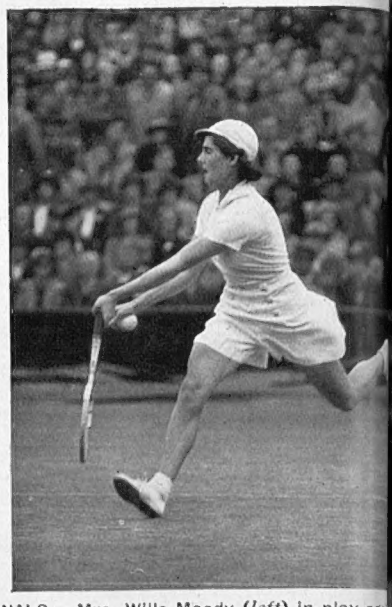
THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN'S MOTHER: The funeral cortege of the Countess of Strathmore, whose death has plunged the Royal circle into mourning, setting out from Glamis Castle to the private burial ground in the pouring rain. The coffin was borne on a farm waggon

QUEEN CHRISTINA AS A CHILD: An original portrait of the seventeenth-century Swedish sovereign being admired by a girl in old Swedish costume at the exhibition which is now being held in Philadelphia in order to mark the centenary of the landing of the first Swedish colonists in America

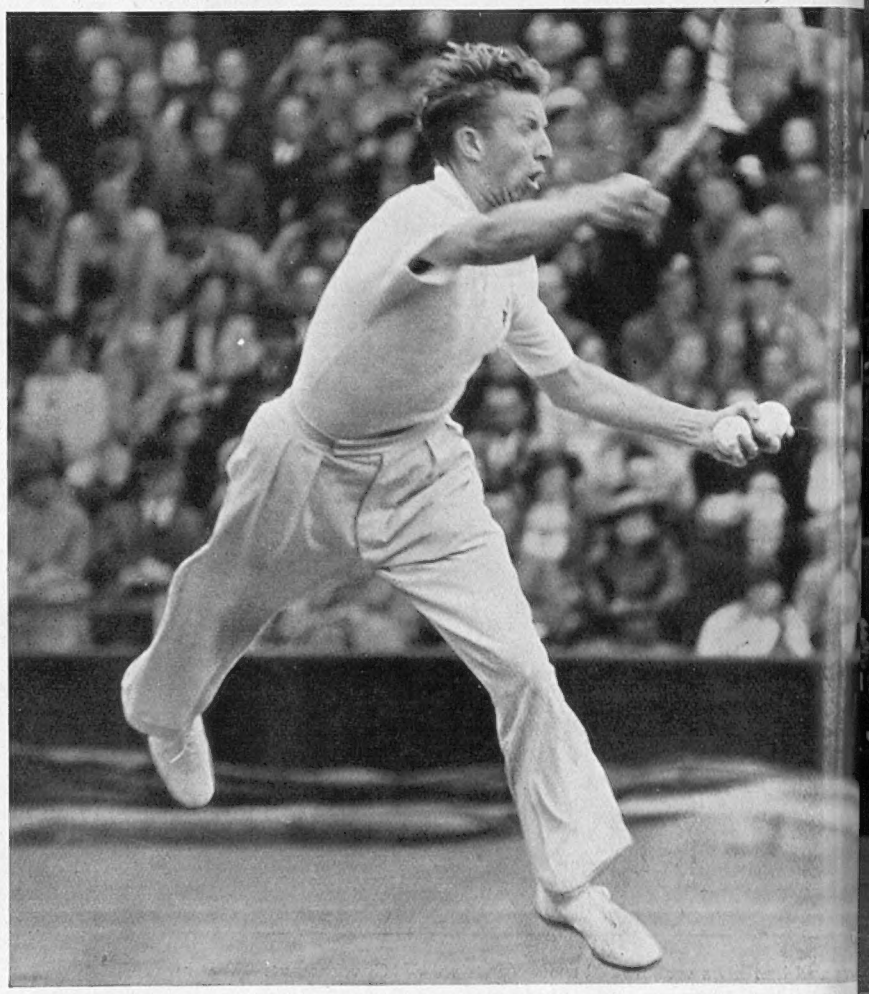


AN ITALIAN NAVAL SQUADRON IN MALTA: The flagship *Conte di Cavour* berthed under the Barracca during the four-day courtesy visit to Britain's island base; an indication of the renewed friendship existing between Great Britain and Italy as a result of the Chamberlain–Mussolini agreement

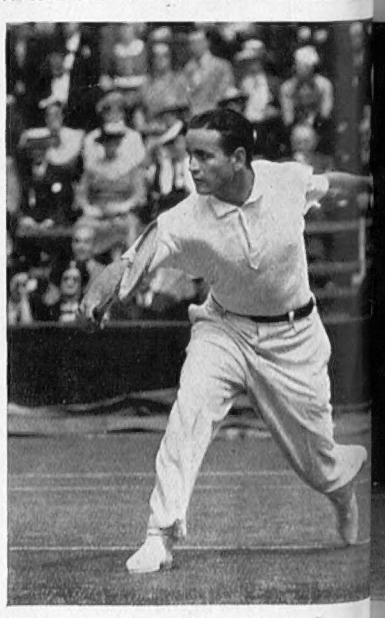
WIMBLEDON 1938: Last Week of the Lawn Tennis Championshi

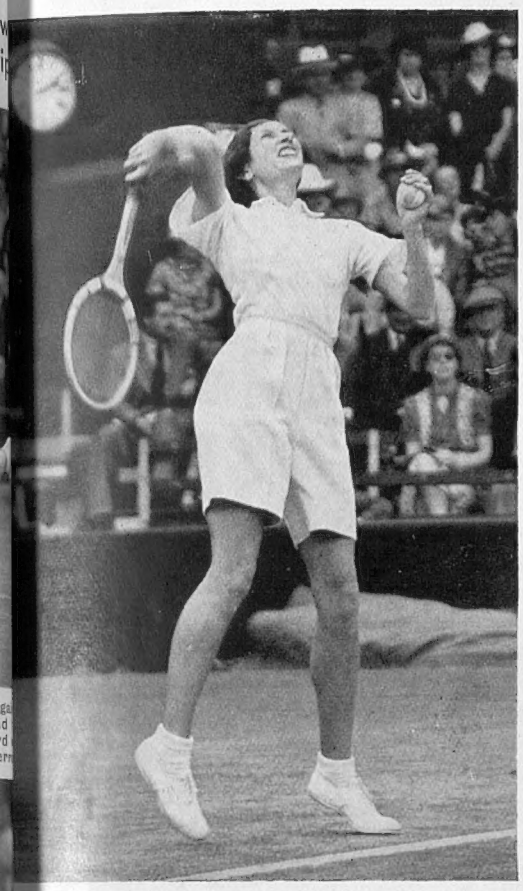


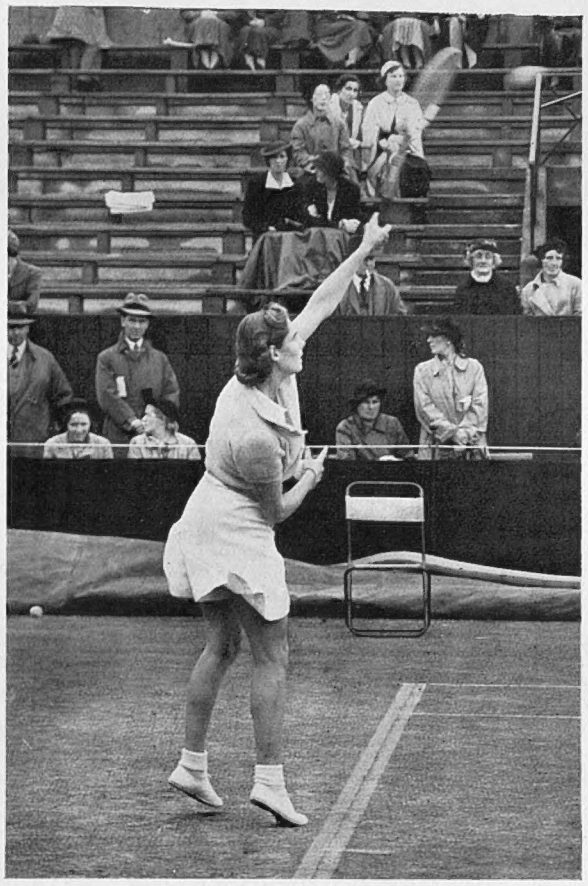
HELEN THE FIRST PASSES INTO THE SEMI-FINALS: Mrs. Wills Moody (*left*) in play aga Miss Kay Stammers (*right*) when they met last Tuesday on the Centre Court, and champion of seven Wimbledons won by the decisive margin of 6—2, 6—1. The crowd bitterly disappointed, as a keen struggle had been anticipated. The English girl was em



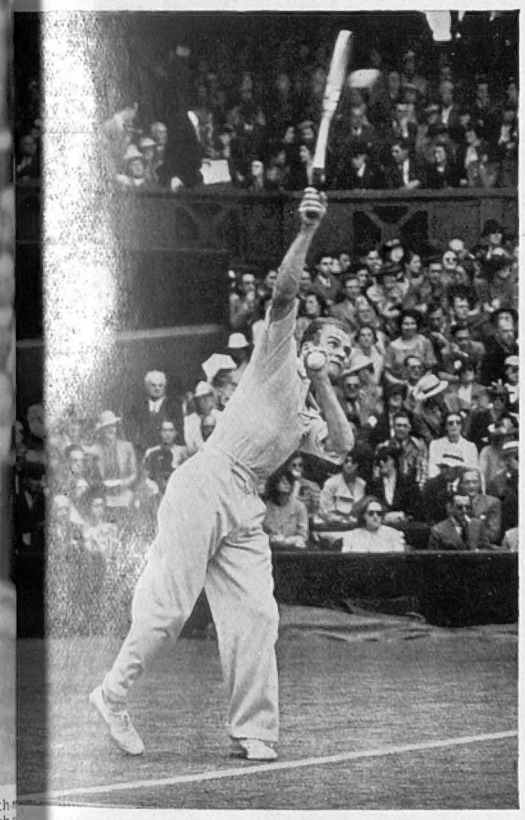
NO STOPPING HIM: Donald Budge volleying in the centre of the court during his fifth match with F. Cejnar, of Czechoslovakia, whom he beat in straight sets, the last of which what surprisingly went to twelve games. *Below on left*—A sliced return from Miss Jacobs in her match with Miss Scriven whom she beat in quick time. *Below on* F. Puncec, of Yugoslavia, whose low dipping drives are a feature of his formidable ar

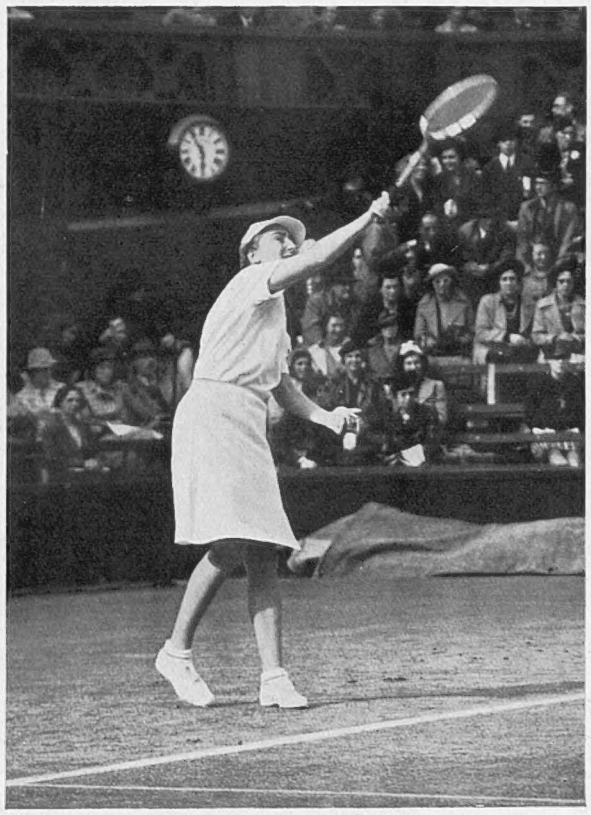


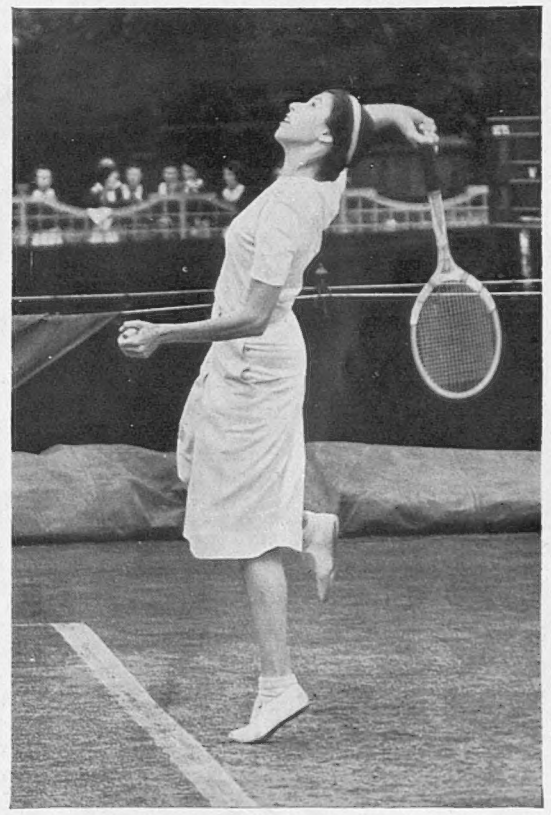




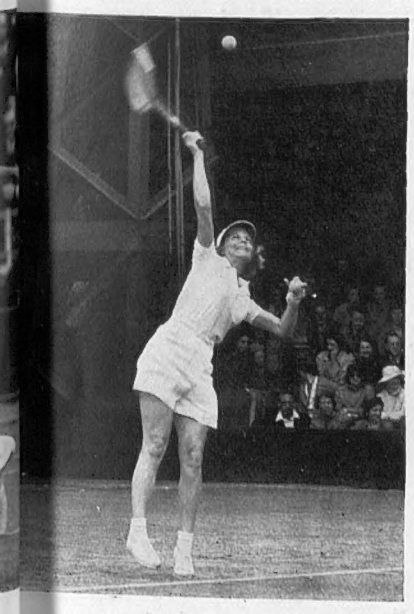
WHAT THEY DO: These pictures have been specially taken for *The Sphere* during the Wimbledon Championships to show the manner in which the leading players execute their services; a phase of lawn tennis that does not as a rule receive sufficient photographic attention. Mrs. Sperling (*left*), of Denmark, is perhaps at once the steadiest and least spectacular player in the game and makes no attempt at scoring "aces" off the initial shot, while Miss Stammers (*centre*) is the very reverse, coming hard down on the ball in a vigorous and graceful movement. *Right*—H. W. Austin, that classic stroke producer, makes the most of his height by going right up on his toes







THE VIGOROUS AND THE GRACEFUL: Three more impressions of Wimbledon stars in the act of serving. G. Mako (*left*), that fine American doubles player, has almost the classic grace of Austin, but it will be noted that at exactly the same phase of the stroke he differs from the Englishman in his footwork, his left leg being planted firmly on the ground, whereas Austin is right up on his toes. *Centre*—Madame Mathieu, champion of France, is a leisurely server and in this particular picture is standing well back from the line, doubtless as a result of her recent bout of foot-faulting. *Right*—Mrs. P. D. Howard in a rather unusual pose with right leg horizontal



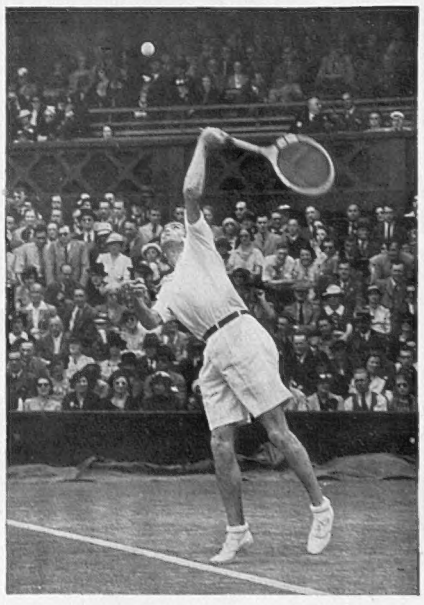
HOW THEY SERVE

A Wimbledon Symposium

On left—THE GIRL WITH THE CANNON-BALL SERVICE: Miss Alice Marble, former champion of the United States, is one of the hardest hitters in the game and time and time again she "aces" her opponents with the initial shot, which has an almost masculine virulence

On left—CONCENTRATED EFFORT: Miss D. Bundy brings her racket over with rare force but she has not sufficient height to be a really fast server. Her right foot is curling over as she makes the stroke

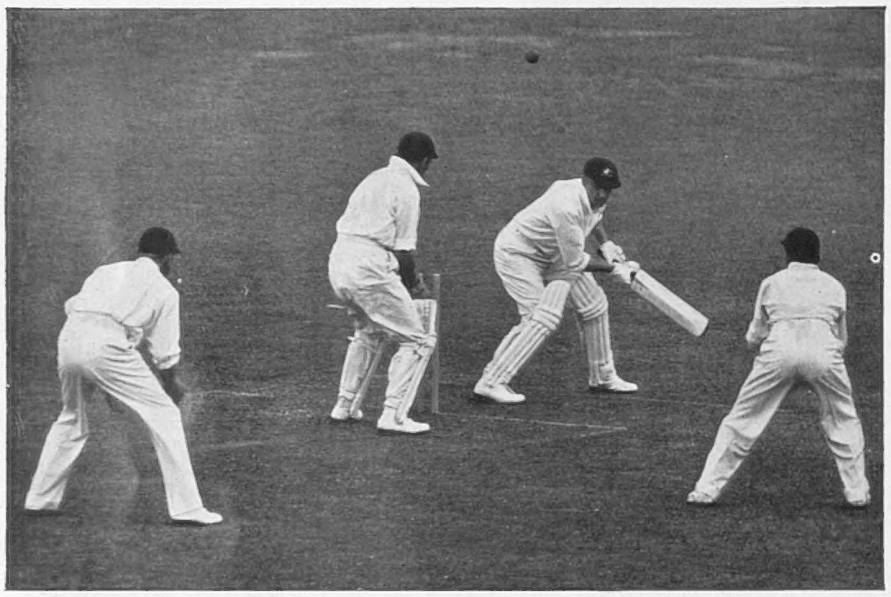
On right—A LEFT-HANDED PLAYER: F. Kukuljevic, of Yugoslavia, is well on his toes as he prepares to strike the ball, and he stands close up to the line. To avoid foot-faulting he has to time his swing to perfection



THE SECOND TEST AT LORD'S

England and Australia Compile More Big Scores—Another Drawn Match

THE VISITORS RETRIEVE AN INDIFFERENT START: J. H. Fingleton caught in the slips by Hammond, England's captain, when being dismissed for a modest 31 at the commencement of Australia's first innings in the Second Test Match which opened at Lord's in brilliant weather on Friday of last week. Bradman's men had to face the formidable total of 494, and, although Fingleton, Bradman, and McCabe did not shine, they succeeded, largely by reason of Brown's stout-hearted double century, in topping 400



BRADMAN SUCCUMBS TO VERITY: The Australian captain bowled for 18 runs early on in the first innings. His departure was naturally an immense help to England, but not a few in the crowd, eager as they were for victory, must have been sorry to see him go so quickly, for while the master is at the crease interest is invariably at a high pitch

SHORT LEG COVERS UP FOR SAFETY while Wellard, England's mighty hitter and fast bowler, scores a boundary off the first ball he receives from O'Reilly. The second ball he skied so high that McCormick had to wait an appreciable time before making the catch. Soon after this Wright and Ames, who scored an invaluable 83, were dismissed, and the England first innings came to a close at the thoroughly satisfactory total of 494

DIPLOMATIC AND ACADEM

Hassan Nashaat Pasha has First Audience with the K

EGYPT'S NEW AMBASSADOR PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS: His Exce Hassan Nashaat Pasha (right) with Sir Sidney Clive, Marshal of the Diplo Corps, as he left the Egyptian Embassy in South Audley Street for Buckin Palace, where he was received by the King and handed in his Letters of Cre

LORD NUFFIELD AT GUY'S HOSPITAL: The motor magnate and philanth leading the procession in company with the Earl of Athlone, Chancellor University of London, before the latter opened the new pathological build the Medical School, which have cost nearly £90,000 and constitute one finest research centres in the British Empire. Of the total cost, £35,000 ha provided out of the hospital's own income. Lord Nuffield is treasurer of

A TRIO HONOURED BY GLASGOW UNIVERSITY: The Hon. Lord Fleming, Se the College of Justice in Scotland since 1926, seventy-five-year-old S Martin-Harvey, doyen of the stage, and the Reverend Frederic Iremonger, of Religion at the B.B.C. since 1933, pictured after they had received h degrees at a ceremony last week at which many notabilities forg

EIRE'S PRESIDENT INSTALLED

Dr. Hyde Receives the Seals of Office at Dublin Castle Inauguration

NEW ERA IN EIRE: The scene in Dublin Castle as Dr. Hyde, the seventy-eight-year-old Gaelic scholar and poet, delivered a short address after receiving the seals of office as Eire's first President from the hands of the Chief Justice. The occasion was celebrated with great enthusiasm in the capital, and the new President was loudly cheered on the state drive to his home in Phœnix Park

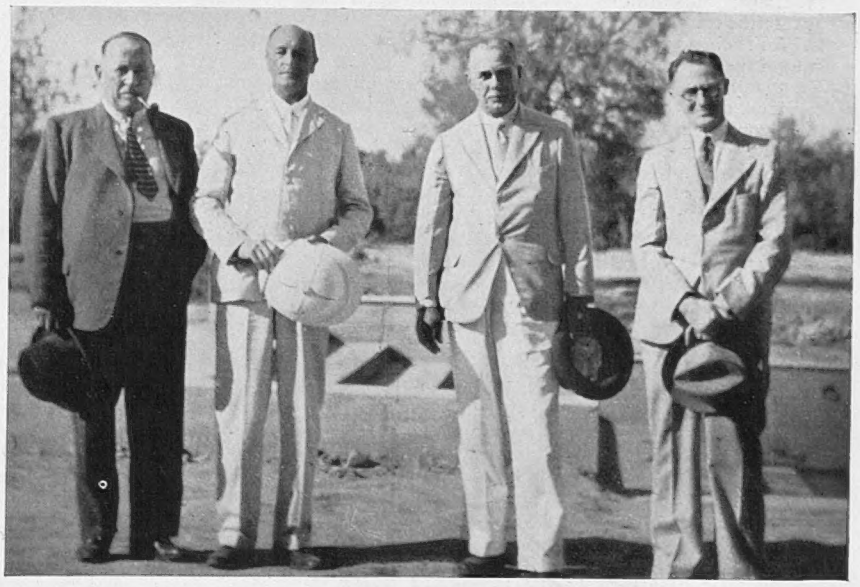
DR. DOUGLAS HYDE RECEIVING HIS SEALS OF OFFICE from the Chief Justice in Dublin Castle on being installed as first President of Eire under the new constitution introduced by Mr. de Valera, the Prime Minister, who is seen standing towards the right of the dais. In the evening there was another ceremony at the Castle where Mr. and Mrs. de Valera held a reception in the President's honour

HIS FIRST ACT: Dr. Douglas Hyde, Eire's new President, passing down the ranks of a guard of honour after being installed at Dublin Castle. In a speech at the Castle Mr. de Valera said: "Not all the territory of Eireann is under the sway of the new President, but the justice of our claim and the tenacity of the Gael in holding to what is his own are our assurance that that too will also be set right"

THE STILL TROUBLED HOLY LAND

Terrorism Still Prevails—The Technical Commission at Work

TEGART'S WALL: This is the name given to this great barrier of barbed wire which has been erected along the northern and eastern frontiers of Palestine in order to prevent "undesirable persons" entering the Holy Land and Arab bands from crossing the borders to obtain fresh supplies of arms and ammunition for the campaign of terrorism which they are continuing to wage against the Jewish settlers despite the presence of British military forces. The "wall" has been built by Sir Charles Tegart, formerly of the Bengal Police, who since last October has been Police Adviser for Palestine



ON HALLOWED GROUND: The personnel of the Technical Commission which is visiting Palestine to report on the economic and financial questions involved in carrying out the plan of partition. Mr. Thomas Reid (formerly of the Ceylon Civil Service), Sir Alison Russell, K.C. (formerly Chief Justice of Tanganyika), Sir John Woodhead (formerly Governor of Bengal), and Mr. A. P. Waterfield (a Principal Assistant Secretary to the Treasury), pictured at "The Place of Baptism" by the waters of the Jordan

AN AERIAL JUNCTION OF THE NEAR EAST: A Misr Airline plane (Egyptian) and a Palestine Airways plane on the "hard" in front of the partially completed terminal building at Lydda Airport, Palestine. A short while ago Arab terrorists did considerable damage there, just as they are still continuing to do in other parts of the country

IN THE RICE FIELDS OF VERCELLI: The Italian Minister of Agriculture and foreign journalists watching the peasant folk at work. From Italy's soil these days the State seeks the utmost yield

ITALY'S CROP SHORTAGE

The Peasant Faces Hard Times

THE failure of the Italian wheat crop, due to winter and spring drought, is one of the most serious problems Fascism has yet had to face. It is all the graver because it comes at the end of thirteen years' effort to make Italy self-sufficient in food.

The "battle for grain," which was commenced with *éclat* in 1925, has clearly failed. It seems that at least 20,000,000 quintals will have to be imported, perhaps from the unspeakable Russians. This means a serious drain on the Italian Treasury at the moment when its resources are already depleted by expenditure in Spain and Abyssinia. It explains, perhaps, the anxiety of Mussolini to see the Anglo-Italian Agreement put into operation, for until then it is very difficult for Italy to obtain foreign credits.

There is also an internal aspect of the situation. The Italians are grumbling and their murmurs are causing anxiety to the Fascist Government. For not only is bread affected, but also that most important item of food without which few Italians could imagine life, namely *past'asciutta* in all its forms. Of these the macaroni and spaghetti, best known to the Englishman, are only two varieties.

Last November the Government sanctioned a 10 per cent. adulteration of bread made with wheat flour; and although you will find no direct official admission of this, before that for many months commercially-baked bread was being adulterated with flours made from leguminous materials, such as rice and haricot beans. The officially permitted mixture has perforce now risen to 20 per cent.

One may safely assume that this means, in all, an inclusion in the Fascist loaf of 30 to 40 per cent. of inferior flours. And, naturally enough, everyone notices the worsening quality and everyone complains. I remember travelling up from Naples one day this spring with a jocular young Blackshirt just landed from Spain, whose comment on life was "Eh, you're better off in Spain!" And whether or not he said it in bravado, the comment was excusable—for there at least he received pay and a daily ration of food.

This year's drought has also diminished the production of animal foodstuffs, and beef is accordingly being slaughtered to economise the precious supplies which remain. For a change, the peasant may have a little meat on his table. Usually he gets none. Compare the figures for meat consumption—16.1 kilos per head per annum in Italy, 33.5 in France, 63.7 in England—and you will have a picture of what the peasant's diet is like.

Fortunately the Italian peasant is a stoic. The same sun which delights the traveller along the quiet roads of Italy is an enemy against which the *contadino*, be he smallholder from the north, part-sharer from ochre red Tuscany or the valleys of Umbria, or labourer in the scorching southern provinces, must fight an unending battle. In the *Mezzogiorno*, the heel of Italy, rain never falls after early spring and by the middle of June no grass grows on the rugged hillsides. This year there is drought: the young grass is withered brown, the earth granite-hard, cart-ruts aridly congealed, sheep pasture gone, crops lost, even the vines shrivelled for lack of moisture.

With an economy wobbling between subsistence and starvation the peasant does not despair. The tradition of hardship runs in his veins and he knows no other way of life. What little hard cash he earns he keeps; he and his family live on the wine, flour and vegetables, sometimes meat, that they can produce by common effort. It is calculated that two-fifths of the wheat grown in Italy is consumed directly by its producers.

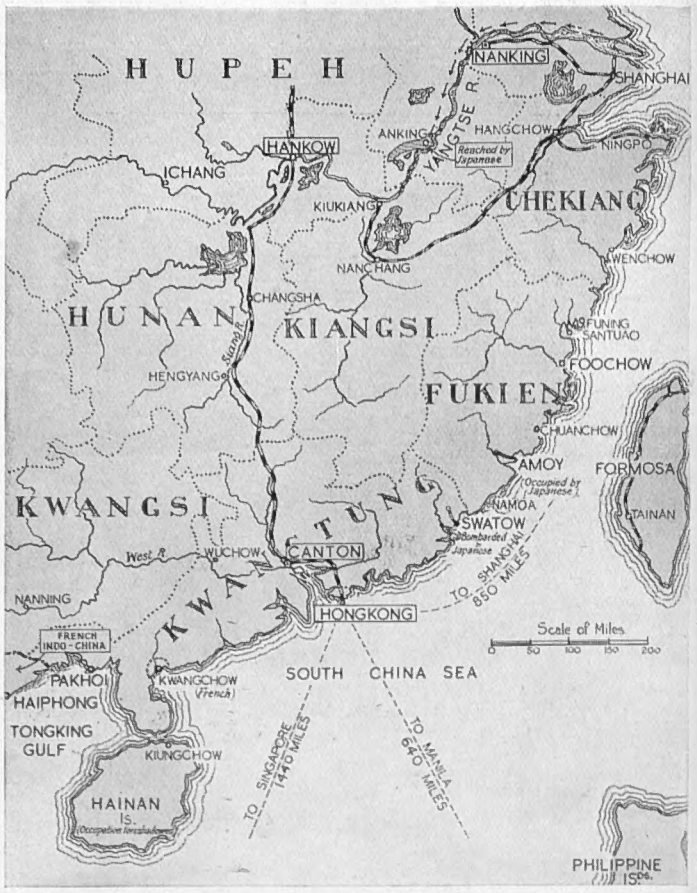
Above all, the peasant maintains, no matter how precariously or at what suffering and sacrifice, his grip on the land. It is the only form of security that he knows. In Tuscany there are families which have worked the same piece of land for close on 1,000 years of unbroken effort through every sort of pestilence and disaster. They are small, sturdy people with brown eyes, tight lips and oval faces, hard-headed, apt for their own advantage, strong in traditional wisdom, bigoted and fiercely jealous of their rights, caring for nothing which does not touch their way of life. Tempering the wind has become one of the fine arts.

Italy is a land of hills dominated by the barren vertebrae of the Appenines. Here the poorest peasants live with teams of lean goats, scraping sustenance from shallow pockets of earth, descending whenever the slightest opportunity offers into the fertile valleys and foothills. There labour with infinite pains most of Italy's 20,000,000 *rurali*, forcing from "each clod of soil," as Mussolini insists they must in slogans stencilled on their cottage walls, the utmost yield.

In low archways the vines bend down to enlace their branches, forming leafy lanes from which in hot September strong smelling grapes are plucked, the fruits clustering in a purple mist. White ponderous oxen heave ploughs through the deep-coloured earth, long-horned heads bowed and swaying, urged on by men with faces brown from the tan of endless summers and muscles bunched with endless labour. In their tracks come women with rakes or scattering seed, and children to run errands, lively as young rabbits. This is a work with no beginning and no end.

Seen from the mountains, the pink and pale green villas of the plain are veiled in cypress groves, which gather about their slim gracefulness neat vineyards and strips of seed-land threaded on narrow, silvery canals, a system of intricate contrivance evolved through centuries. Inured to hardship, able to live on a crust and a flask of wine, the peasant continues, cleaving to the ways of his ancestors, suspicious of change. Last year there was aplenty. This year there is not enough. So it has always been. So it will remain. What matter who rules in Rome?

Basil Davidson



THE SOUTH-CHINA WAR ZONE: A sketch map showing the position of Anking on the Yangtse, where floods have intervened in the struggle and last week held up the Japanese advance towards Hankow. Also shown are the ports of Amoy and Swatow and the island of Hainan, all of which are referred to in the notes below

JAPAN'S TWENTY-YEARS WAR

Tokyo Contemplates a Long Drawn-out Campaign

IF it were not for the tragedy of it all, the grim slaughter, and the wholesale destruction of property, there would be moments when the European observer would be inclined to regard certain aspects of the Sino-Japanese war in the light of comic opera.

Last week, for instance, the Tokyo Foreign Office spokesman denied that Japan was contemplating declaring war on China, as this, he asserted, "would amount to Japan's repudiation of numerous treaties, particularly the Kellogg-Briand and Nine-Power agreements." Comment upon such a comment is clearly unnecessary.

Japan's leaders, it seems, are already beginning to realise that the struggle in China is to continue far longer than was originally anticipated, for last Sunday the War Minister made a speech at Kyoto in which he warned the people that the conflict might not be over in ten or even twenty years.

It was obvious in this speech that the Minister was preparing the ground before the Prime Minister asked for further sacrifices.

Turning to the seat of war, recent news indicates that floods are still playing a dominant part in the campaign in the Yellow River region, while on June 23 it was reported that the Yangtse had also overflowed, inundating an area of 50 sq. miles south-west of Anking and saving in the nick of time the Chinese forces which have been making desperate efforts to resist the advance towards Hankow.

Meanwhile, a serious situation has been developing farther south, where the threatened Japanese occupation of Hainan Island has brought Paris and Tokyo into verbal conflict, as France holds important concessions in this area. Swatow, one of the great ports of Kwantung province, has also been in the news and it would appear at the moment of writing that it must soon fall into the invaders' hands, just as Amoy, a little way up the coast, has already done.

Amoy's plight is indeed unhappy, as witness the following account of conditions there which has just arrived from a correspondent:—

"Now Amoy is filled with Japanese soldiers—guns—sentry boxes and sand bags! On the little island of Kulangsu, an international settlement just opposite Amoy, Chinese are huddled together in their thousands, staring across the water at the debris of their homes.

"Here on Kulangsu missionaries and Europeans have utilised churches, schools and temples to make homes for the refugees—but there are 70,000 refugees—and the accommodation is only enough for 10,000! Hong Kong has sent a message that no more destitute can be allowed into the colony—the Japanese will not allow them to return to Amoy—what is the answer? They squat in the narrow streets awaiting whatever fate may hold in store."

HORSE MARINES! Japanese cavalry horses swimming across a river

DUGOUTS in the YELLOW RIVER DYKES

How Chinese Troops Helped to Cause the Flood Havoc

THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF THE YELLOW RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE AT TSINAN, which was destroyed by retreating Chinese last November, once again commands attention in view of the great floods that have swept across the plains and almost brought fighting between Chinese and Japanese to a standstill. When this picture was taken the Yellow River had risen to its summer level, but since the floods there must have been a big fall at this point, for higher up nine-tenths of the normal flow has broken through the dykes, spreading far and wide

ONE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: Chinese sentries in a trench dug in a Yellow River dyke. It is easy to understand how this weakened the banks and caused the river to break loose as it has done

"CHINA'S SORROW": Another view of the Yellow River at its usual high summer level at Tsinan, showing much of the wrecked railway bridge under water. It was built twenty-nine years ago by a German engineering firm

A DEEP INCISION made by the Chinese sappers when constructing a dugout in a Yellow River dyke

A DANGEROUS EXPEDIENT: These dugouts are typical of many built by the Chinese in the dykes of the Yellow River and it is not to be wondered at that the waters, swollen by summer rains, have burst their way through at weakened points. *On right*—A sketch drawn by Edwin Judd to show the method of "plugging" the Yellow River dykes. A rope network is stretched across the gap and on this are laid layers of earth and kao-liang stalks, the whole contraption then being dropped into the gap below

PRESS PARLEY: Chinese officers and men in conversation with a correspondent. *Below*—A Chinese infantryman at the entrance to his dugout in a dyke

HELD ON £1,000 BAIL: Mrs. Ignatz Griebl, wife of Dr. Ignatz Griebl, former Nazi leader in America, who was recently sent to gaol in New York and held as a material witness in the espionage inquiry conducted by Mr. Lamar Hardy, Federal District Attorney. At the hearing it was indicated in startling fashion that spies were sending information to Dundee, and that this was being subsequently relayed to Germany

THE STAR-SPANGLED MANNER: Children of a New York public school (counterpart of London elementary schools) saluting the flag in the daily ceremony of pledging allegiance, which takes place every morning in every class-room in the United States

NEW WORLD FOR OLD: Relatives and friends waving from the dock to the S.S. *Washington* as she left New York for Europe with a full passenger list of holiday-makers. West to east traffic on the Western Ocean is now at the summer high level

BRITISH GIRL IN AMERICA'S SPY ROUND-UP: Miss Sylvia May Bradshaw, twenty-four-year-old daughter of a wealthy Sussex manufacturer, seen with Mr. Percy Nurse, British Vice-Consul in New Orleans, as they left the office of the U.S. District Director of Immigration and Naturalisation after attending a hearing relative to an alleged violation of passport provisions. Previously she had been detained by Federal Agents in connection with espionage, but was entirely exonerated. Many aliens have been arrested in America of recent weeks and charged with giving information to foreign Powers

PATERNALISM DOMINANT IN AMERICAN BIG BUSINESS

Some New Light on a Very Strange Social Development in the Land of the Free

By NELSON SPRINGER

IT was a hot, muggy day in the midst of one of Chicago's most impossible summers. The year was 1915. Leo Frank had just been lynched, for a murder he did not commit, down in Georgia; but Woodrow Wilson was still "too proud to fight," and the United States had not yet entered the world war.

The *Eastland*, a surprisingly tall, slender craft, was moored to a grimy dock in the Chicago River. I saw it from an "L" train as I crossed a bridge on my way to a baseball game at Federal League Park on the north side. When I returned I noted that there was a boat on its side at the dock where the *Eastland* had been, and that a great hole had been cut in its hull.

Upon inquiry, I learned that as soon as the *Eastland* had cast off it had capsized, and that most of the people aboard had been drowned. The captain, who had sought to prevent rescuers from cutting the hole in the *Eastland's* hull, had been rescued by police from an angry mob, which was bent on lynching him then and there.

The *Eastland* had been chartered for the day by a Chicago company that had planned an excursion and picnic for its employees. It was one of the pioneers in that branch of corporate philanthropy commonly known as "welfare work," but which American Socialist orators soon learned to describe as "hellfare work."

The employees were to board the *Eastland*, sail south-east on Lake Michigan to a point on the Indiana shore, disembark, eat lunches, play games, dance, and return home, all under the auspices of the company.

The plan was interrupted by one of the greatest tragedies, and one of the greatest scandals, in the history of American navigation. Instead of a picnic there was a mass funeral.

After it was all over, and the question arose of who was to pay for what, one employee spoke up and said that neither he nor his family had wanted to attend the picnic, and that they had undertaken to attend it only under compulsion.

He said that he and his family had made their own plans for the holiday, and that he had mentioned this matter to the head of his department. Whereupon he had been warned that, if he valued his job, he and his entire family would attend the picnic, *and like it!* He said that other employees had been similarly advised.

The movement on the part of the great corporation to control and absorb the whole life of its employees appears to have had its most perceptible beginning with Henry Ford's once startling and revolutionary decision not to pay any man less than 5 dollars a day. That was in 1912, and I recall now the indignation it aroused among employers throughout the country.

Ford's high-wage policy continued, however, and went higher, and with it developed a systematic and detailed prying into the private life of every employee and every applicant for a job. No "atheist" could get a job at a Ford plant; and it wasn't enough for a man to state in his application that he "believed in God," because, if he were employed, a labour spy was put on his trail and never rested until everything about him was known, from the colour of his convictions to the colour of his underwear.

This system has spread through American business and industry to-day, until it is fair to say that by far the majority of American employees have no private life, have little, if any, individual life, and are not encouraged to engage in any activity, including any social activity, that does not in some way advance the interests of the company by which one is employed.

This applies almost as much to high officials of a company as it does to clerks, and I know personally of one case in which it applied to a higher-up with a resounding smack.

A certain magnate, now dead, who could brook no difference of opinion, and who always invited his guests for the purpose of bullying them, asked the president of one of his companies, and his wife, to join him and his wife on an extended cruise.

The invited wife had the courage to put her foot down and to announce that there were no circumstances in which she would spend three months on the same yacht with Mr. and Mrs. ——

So the man who was the president of one of the magnate's far-flung companies lost his job.

The employee who is most largely affected by this policy, however, is much farther down in the scale, and the extent to which American companies have developed such paternalistic programmes varies. In some cases clubs have been built, which include libraries, gymnasiums, swimming pools, bowling alleys, tennis courts. Company dances and banquets are usually arranged for at prominent hotels. In the past, the hotels selected were sometimes so expensive that the individual employee's assessed share of the cost was even more than embarrassing, but this practice aroused so much resentment that hotels were selected where the expense was at least reasonably moderate.

It will be clear, of course, from the American schedule of holidays that if a man is employed by a company, and his company holds a picnic on Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Labour Day, there are no summer holidays left which a man can even begin to call his own. And if his company gives a Christmas party and a New Year's Eve dance, the individual employee loses any sovereign franchise he may once have held in either of these festivities.

Added to this situation are company plans for an employee to save so much of his salary each week or month by drawing only part of it; for health, accident, and life insurance policies, paid for in part by regular deductions from his pay cheque, the company usually paying from one-half to three-quarters of the premium; and for hospital and medical benefits, the entire cost of which is often paid by the company, in addition to annuities upon retirement, or annuities to widows and children where the employee dies or is killed while in service.

All of which will help to make it clear how difficult it is to attack a system which offers so many benefits at the same time that it strikes at the roots of manhood and individuality.

Where it exists, the most insidious feature of this paternalism is the "privilege" of buying stock in the company. This "privilege" frequently amounts to compulsion. Often a man with a nominally high salary is so heavily obligated to pay for stock that he is in a constant state of financial embarrassment.

To show how it works: a promising young man who has been drawing only 3,000 dollars a year is suddenly put into an executive position with a salary, say, of 7,500 dollars a year. It is then explained to him that now, since he is an executive, he is eligible to buy stock in the company, and that the company will lend him, for that purpose, as much as a year's salary. It will, of course, charge him interest, payments of interest and principal to be deducted from his monthly pay cheque over the next five years.

Note that he is not told that he may or may not buy stock, and that he is not asked how much stock he feels that he can buy, or whether he prefers to borrow the money from the company or a bank or from some other source. He is roped and tied to the company, which is the primary object of the arrangement.

Then, after all deductions have been made from his pay cheque for stock, for savings, for insurance, for welfare association dues, and after he has paid for his part in all parties, dances, banquets, picnics and excursions, he is free to go out and lead a normal life—if he can.

The system is far from being wholly bad. Out of this welter of paternalism, savings are established for people who would never save of their own accord; illness and old age are provided for that never would be provided for otherwise; pleasure is brought to many who would have no pleasure otherwise; and a sound if somewhat monotonous and dreary habit of life is set up for many who would make a sorry mess of things if left to their own devices. And if this system definitely bars a man from ever reaching the top, it at least operates to keep him from sinking to the bottom.

Basically, however, it is a system devised to make the individual's access to cash as difficult and as limited as possible, and to restrict as narrowly as possible his freedom and initiative outside of his efforts on behalf of the company.

It is not difficult to imagine how Mrs. Jones feels when her husband comes home and tells her that he has been refused an increase in salary because it has been called to the boss's attention that she displayed three new evening gowns during that winter, when, as a matter of fact, considering her husband's salary, she should have contented herself with two. Nor is it difficult to imagine what such a system does to family life, or to Jones himself as an individual.

It is a system which is turning the American into a "yes-man."

NEWS FROM FIVE CONTINENTS

A "Sphere" Survey of Current Events Abroad

THE H.A.C. IN THE U.S.: Members of the Honourable Artillery Company, who are the lineal descendants of the Trained Bands of the City of London and occupy a place in the ranks of the Territorial Army analogous with that of the Guards in the regular service, marching along Tremont Street, Boston, during their visit to America to assist in celebrating the 300th anniversary of the incorporation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. They were a magnificent sight as they stepped out with a precision and snap that evoked storms of applause from the Boston crowds

CADETS OF MASSACHUSETTS MILITARY ACADEMY wearing the uniforms of 300 years ago as they paraded at Boston to celebrate the tercentenary of the incorporation of the Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts; an event honoured by the presence of a deputation of our own H.A.C.

AFTER THE LIMPOPO TRAGEDY: While a guard of honour lined the way, a gun-carriage bore to Roberts Heights Cemetery, Pretoria, the bodies of the three R.A.F. boxers and their trainer and of two members of the South African Air Force who met their deaths in the recent air crash in Southern Rhodesia. The bodies were only recovered after a 36-hour trek through difficult bush country

THE ONLY WOMAN REGULAR AIR FORCE OFFICER IN THE WORLD: Mlle Sabiha Guektchen, adopted daughter of Turkish dictator Kemal Ataturk, being greeted on arrival at Belgrade

SEA-RAIDER TURNS LECTURER: Count Felix von Luckner, German war-time sea raider in Pacific waters, pictured with his wife on arrival in Sydney in his auxiliary yacht, in which he is making a world tour, visiting the scenes of his former exploits and lecturing in the larger cities. Sydney refused to give him a hearing, repeated interruptions spoiling his talk

SMILINGLY ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE: A Chinese girl of Pootung registering her name with Japanese officers as a member of the Chinese Peace Preservation Corps, thereby signifying her acceptance of the Japanese regime in the Shanghai area. Note the vertical calligraphy of the officer

GIANTS OF THE 2nd CRUISER SQUADRON: H.M.S. *Sheffield* and one of her sister ships firing their anti-aircraft guns when attempting to bring down a wireless-controlled "Queen Bee" plane during the naval exercises held in the presence of the King off Weymouth last week. The picture is of particular interest in that it shows the towering and rectangular wall of steel that constitutes the sup structure of these fine ships which may really be said to provide a new naval silhoue The *Sheffield* is one of the first of the Southampton class and has a displacem of 9,000 tons and an armament including twelve 6-in. guns and eight A

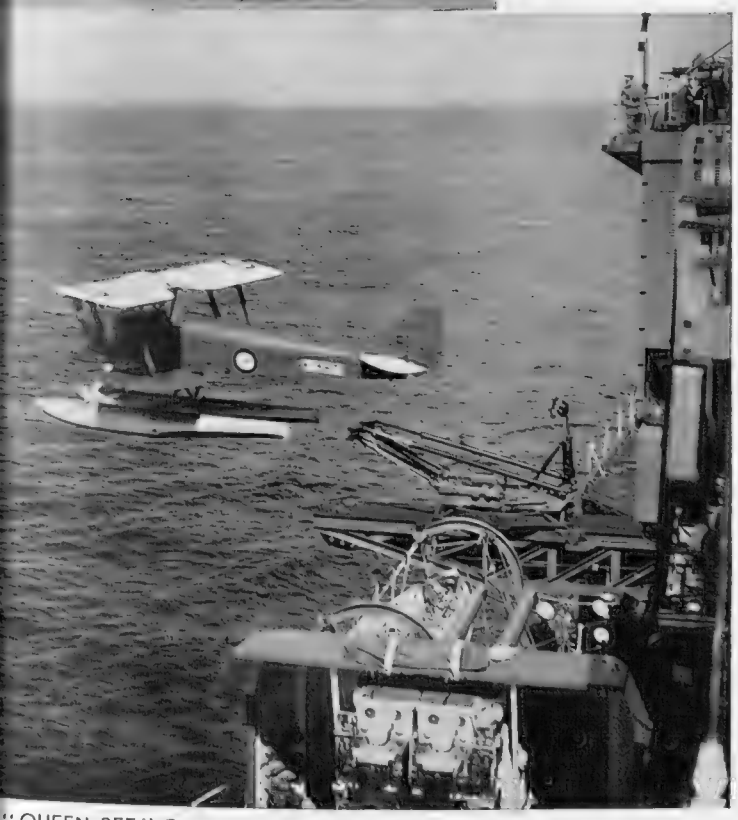
THE "SOUTHAMPTONS" GO INTO "ACTION": While H.M.S. *Nelson* (left), flagship of the Home Fleet, stood by with the King aboard at the Weymouth exercises, the ships of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron steamed past. In the foreground is the *Glasgow*, her rectangular superstructure, the distinguishing mark of her c giving her a decidedly unusual appearance. She has twelve 6-in. guns, six fore six aft, mounted in triplicate; a particularly heavy armament for a vessel of her

THE NEW NAVAL SILHOUETTE AT SEA

The Massive, Square Superstructure of the Southampton Class Cruisers Pictured at the Weymouth Exercises

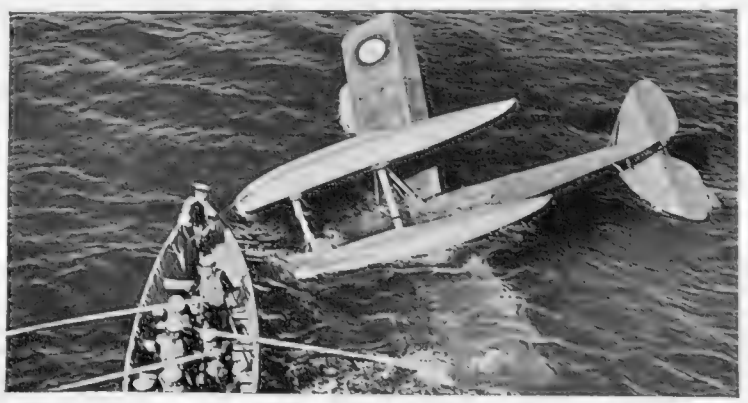
DRESSED OVERALL FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: A 9,000-ton Southampton class cruiser at anchor in Weymouth harbour; a broadside view showing her raking funnels and tripod masts, both noteworthy features of the design. Hangars form an extension aft of the bridge structure, the fore-funnel being carried up between them

THE TOWERING BULK OF H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD": A bows-on view of the great cruiser which, in common with her sister ships built and building, was designed in order to maintain parity with the formidable American Savannah and Japanese Mogami classes



"QUEEN BEE" CATAPULTED FROM ITS FLOATING "HIVE": A wireless-controlled aeroplane being launched from the cruiser *Newcastle* to be used as a target by the anti-aircraft guns of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron. An officer in the *Newcastle* controls every movement of the machine in flight

On right—
VICTIM OF ACCURATE FIRE: Salvaging one of the "Queen Bee" wireless-controlled pilotless planes after the pom-poms of *Rodney* and *Royal Oak* had rattled a noisy staccato of projectiles at her in a demonstration of close-range firing



The picturesque city of Lok-chang, in the Canton area, where a big air battle was fought last week and six Japanese bombers were brought down. With the great Yellow River floods sweeping far and wide across the country, fighting has in some regions been brought almost to a standstill, but "in spite of this check," writes a correspondent, "Japan has not abandoned her attempt on Hankow. On the rapidly rising waters of another river, the Yangtse, Japanese warships and transports are moving towards

The Scene of a CHINESE SUCCESS

General Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters. 300 Japanese bombers are said to be concentrated in the Nanking area in readiness for air attack. No fewer than fifty Japanese warships have pushed through the boom that was meant to keep them below Kiukiang, 120 miles from Hankow. Foreigners in Hankow are making what plans they can for the protection of their interests and property there. Japanese residents, of whom there were several hundred before hostilities began, evacuated their concession months ago

Pioneering Under Armed Protection

Jewish Agriculturists Found a Colony on the Eastern Shores of Galilee

ON the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee the Jews have founded a new colony. This is the country of the Gadarenes, the scene of one of Christ's miracles. The colony is known by the name of Ain Geb, after an Arab site in the district. The little settlement comprises some forty souls—a hardy and fearless band of pioneers.

With its watch-tower, bullet-proof wall, and barbed-wire defences, the settlement recalls the early pioneering days of Western America, when the white settlers lived in forts for fear of attack from hostile

TARGET PRACTICE with rifle and tripod in the compound at Ain Geb, the new Jewish colony which has been founded in the country of the Gadarenes on the eastern shores of Galilee. From the outset the Palestine Government opposed this pioneer venture owing to the continued conflict between Jew and Arab

Red Indians. When the Jews took up their abode in this isolated region a few months ago the Palestine Government endeavoured to persuade them to abandon the venture, at least for the time being. They pointed out the unsettled state of the country and the difficulty of providing adequate protection in the event of an Arab rising. Having already made their plans, the Jews declared their intention of staying, and they have remained until to-day.

Ain Geb is a long, narrow sloping tract lying between the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee and the mountains of Gaulan, that mark the Syrian frontier. The land was acquired from local Arabs during the boom period of a few years ago by a private German-Jewish company, but it was only recently that the title deeds of the property were forthcoming. Even now the transaction has not reached finality. In all, the colony comprises some 5,000 dunams, about 1,250 acres, sufficient area, if it can be properly cultivated, to support 200 people. The settlement actually lies in Transjordan and not in Palestine, and is the first Jewish colony to be founded in that territory.

The settlement is surrounded on its three land sides by barbed wire. Inside this is a special wall claimed to be bullet-proof. It is built of strong timber, is double, the intervening space being filled with gravel. In addition to this immediate protection of barbed wire and gravel walls, the settlement boasts a look-out tower on which is mounted a powerful searchlight. The light is kept playing in all directions right through the night. A continuous watch is kept from the tower by day, as also on the bastioned corners of the settlement. This is to guard against any surprise attack on the part of the Arabs.

It recalls how in the days of Christ there was bitter hostility between the Gadarenes and the Jews, as there is to-day between the Arab and the Jew. We all know the story, so vividly told by St. Mark, how Jesus, after He had crossed the lake from Capernaum, landed upon the shore, to be immediately met by a demoniac; how He drove the evil spirits of him into a herd of swine that was feeding near, and how the latter rushed over the hill into the sea.

"From the first day of our settlement," said Mr. Mordechai, the leader of the colony, "Arabs of the district adopted a distinctly hostile attitude. A large gathering appeared one morning from the nearby village of Pik, and threatened us 'in the name of Haukji.' We believed, indeed, that an attempt would soon be made to implement these threats, for we were entirely surrounded on three sides by Arab villages, while on the fourth was the lake, with its uncertain communication with the further shore. Our only direct land communication was through several Arab villages, and could very easily be cut off. Only from one quarter were we shown friendliness, namely, a nearby family of Persian farmers.

"Hitherto, however, no untoward incident has occurred. Arguments have arisen over the exploitation by us of sand from the lake's edge, but these have always been amicably settled. On the other hand, we have endeavoured from the outset to develop neighbourly relations with the Arabs and on the whole have been not unsuccessful. Our doctor has willingly given his services to all Arabs who require them, and his skill has won wide renown throughout the valley. Furthermore, the Arabs have derived distinct advantage from us by our purchase of their chaff, manure, etc. This does not, of course, provide any guarantee of our future security, the less so since we know that outside influences are at work, intent on arousing active hostility against us in the villages."

THEIR STAPLE INDUSTRY: Colonists at Ain Geb digging sand from the shores of the Sea of Galilee, which they transport to the other side of the lake and sell for building purposes, thereby helping to derive a modest income to run their settlement

WITH ITS WATCH TOWER and other arrangements for defence, Ain Geb recalls in many ways the early pioneering days of Western America

The colonists have certainly had their ups and downs in their efforts to make their venture a success. Their original plan was to undertake mixed farming, with particular attention to vegetables and fruits. It was also intended to see if something could be done in developing the fishing industry of the lake. It was quickly discovered, however, that the climatic conditions are very trying, entirely different to those experienced on the other side of the lake, where the colonists had received the greater part of their agricultural training. Also, the land was found to be poor. It was also clear that if the fishing industry was to be developed, far more modern methods than those at present

(Continued on page 40)

HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER COLONIAL DEFENCES

Men in Training at Nijmegen to Reinforce Her Volunteer Army in the Netherlands Indies : Fears of Japanese Ambitions in the East

IN TROPICAL KIT : A soldier of the Dutch Colonial Volunteer Army; a member of a force that is now in process of being strengthened in view of Dutch fears with regard to Japanese ambitions in the Far East and a rumoured new Japanese agreement with Germany, her anti-communist partner

DRAWN FROM EVERY FIELD OF CIVIL LIFE: Members of the Dutch Colonial Volunteer Army drilling at their barracks at Nijmegen, Holland, during the preliminary months of training before going out to the Netherlands Indies where they will help to swell the ranks of the defence force. Of recent years the strength of this colonial army has amounted to about 1,170 officers and 29,600 men, of whom just over 6,000 have been Europeans. These numbers are now being greatly increased

THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION, which every recruit has to undergo, is considered rather severe, and necessarily so, for the climate in the Dutch East Indies takes a heavy toll, and only men who are thoroughly fit can stand up to the conditions

CITIZENS INTO SOLDIERS: Recruits drilling on the barrack square at Nijmegen as their training period comes to a close and the day of embarkation draws near. Nearly every battalion in the colonial army consists of whites and natives, the two elements mixing freely together

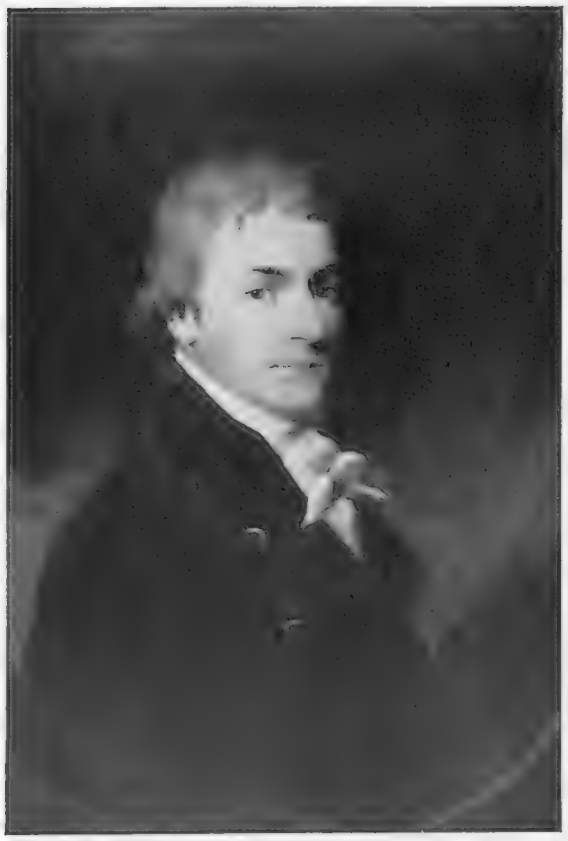
MENU FOR THE DAY: The notice-board in barracks at Nijmegen shows the messing arrangements in the right-hand column. On this particular occasion the men had rice, sago, sambal, and fried fish—typical tropical dishes which they all have to become used to on foreign service

GOODBYE TO HOLLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY! A draft of young recruits waving from their coach as they leave Nijmegen en route for Rotterdam, where they embark on a troopship

On right—
WALKING-OUT KIT: The undress uniform of the colonial army

OLD MASTERS *from* HAMPSHIRE HOUSES:

An Exhibition of Locally Owned Pictures Held at Winchester College



"MAJOR STEWART": By Gilbert Stuart (1754-1828)
Lent from Colman Collection at Embley Park, Romsey

"LORD SPENCER HAMILTON": By F. Wheatley
Lent by Lord Templemore from Upton House, Alresford

"HENRY BARBER": English School, 17th Century
Lent by C. Lennard Chute from The Vyne, Basingstoke

"MARTHA, LADY GIFFARD": By Sir Peter Lely
Lent by The Baron Mount Temple from Broadlands, Romsey

"DUCHESS OF ABINGDON": By Nathaniel Dance
Lent by Lord Camrose, Hackwood Park, Basingstoke

"MRS. STANNARD": By John Opie (1761 1807)
Lent by G.E. Cubitt, Esq., from Firgrove House, Southampton

THE SPHERE of June 18 contained an advance notice and reproductions of some of the pictures included in the "Exhibition of Old Masters from Hampshire Houses" which was opened at Winchester College on June 23 by Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and which is to continue until July 13, the proceeds going to the Winchester Cathedral Lighting Fund. Herewith is a further selection, for the most part of lesser known masterpieces which, being in private ownership, are rarely seen by the general public, and, needless to say, the opportunity is being eagerly taken by art lovers to go and view them. The varied nature of the display may be gauged from mention of the fact that among the artists represented are Canaletto, Van de Velde, Le Nain, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lely, Landseer, and Romney. No fewer than thirty-one Hampshire houses have contributed to the exhibition, which represents fifty-seven artists, mostly British and Dutch of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Ready as has been the response of owners, the resources of the county have by no means been exhausted, and in these cases it was decided to let pictures be seen in their setting in historic houses, the owners of which have generously thrown them open to the public on certain days during the exhibition for the benefit of the fund. A season ticket costs 7s. 6d. For the same amount a circular ticket may be obtained, giving entrance to the exhibition and once to each of the houses.

On left—STUDY FOR "BULL AT THE HAGUE": By Paul Potter (1625-54)
Lent by Lord Northbrook from Pursers, Bramdean

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

A Special Section Illustrating the Famous Savoy Operas from a Set of "Sphere" Pictures Just Taken at the Scala Theatre by Arrangement with Mr. Rupert d'Oyly Carte

"WITH DUCAL POMP AND DUCAL PRIDE COMES BARATARIA'S HIGH-BORN BRIDE"

The Duke and Duchess of Plaza-Toro Herald with Song the Approach of their Daughter, Casilda, in Act II of "The Gondoliers"

Martyn Green and Evelyn Gardiner are here seen on arrival at the court of Barataria in *The Gondoliers* which is being presented several times during the current Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Scala Theatre where this picture and the pictures on succeeding pages were specially taken for "The Sphere" by arrangement with Mr. Rupert d'Oyly Carte. The season closes on July 16 and, as ever, is arousing much enthusiasm among lovers of the Savoy operas which have in such remarkable fashion survived the hand of time, holding to-day a quite undiminished popularity in the public mind

"THE GONDOLIERS" and "THE SORCERER"

An Old Favourite and a Lesser-known Gilbert and Sullivan Piece in the D'Oyly Carte Season at the Scala

"COME, LET'S AWAY—OUR ISLAND CROWN AWAITS": John Dudley as Marco and Leslie Rands as Giuseppe in *The Gondoliers* which during the present season is to be presented for the last time on July 13. *Below*—"LIST AND LEARN, YE DAINTY ROSES": The Chorus of Contadine and some of the Gondolieri

"THEN HAIL, O
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"SO BE IT! I S
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OF A GOLDEN LAND, AND THE HIGH-BORN BRIDE WHO CLAIMS HIS HAND!" inale of *The Gondoliers*, we see enthroned in the background Luiz (Richard Marjorie Filnn), while left to right in the foreground are: Annibale (T. Penry Hughes), Fiametta (Ivy Nicholson), The Duke and Duchess (Martyn Green and Evelyn Gardiner), Tessa (Marjorie Eyre), Giuseppe (Leslie Rands), Marco (John Dudley), Gianetta (Margery Abbott), Inez (Ella Halman), Don Alhambra (Sydney Granville), Vittoria (Kathleen Naylor), Court Barber (Richard Walker)

Y FATE IS SEALED. TO PUBLIC EXECRATION THUS I YIELD!": With ohn Wellington Wells, of J. W. Wells and Company, Family Sorcerers, sits upon ends to his death, his sacrifice restoring all the others to their old loves. This is the closing scene in *The Sorcerer*. From left to right in the foreground are: Dr. Daly (Leslie Rands), Alexis (John Dean), Aline (Ann Drummond-Grant), Wells (Martyn Green), Lady Sangazure (Evelyn Gardiner), Sir Marmaduke (Darrell Fancourt), Notary (Richard Walker), and Mrs. Partlet (Anna Bethell)

. . MY MIND IS QUITE MADE UP. I SHALL LIVE AND DIE A SOLITARY OLD BACHELOR": Dr. Daly (Leslie Rands) tells Mrs. Partlet (Anna Bethell) and her daughter, Constance (Marjorie Eyre), that he is getting on in years, and, although a helpmate would cheer his declining days, he has no intention of marrying. An episode in Act I of *The Sorcerer*, specially pictured for "The Sphere," at the Scala, where the season is now in full swing

"I'M YOUR SERVANT MOST ATTENTIVE—MOST ATTENTIVE TO COMMAND. IRRESISTIBLE INCENTIVE BIDS ME HUMBLY KISS YOUR HAND": Marmaduke Pointdextre (Darrell Fancourt) and the Lady Sangazure (Eve Gardiner) in a sentimental passage in *The Sorcerer*, which contains some Sullivan's most catchy tunes. For this reason it is rather surprising it is rarely heard, but it is possible that from now on it will have an adequate p in the D'Oyly Carte repertoire. It was first produced at the Opera Comique in 1

A GREENERY-YALLERY, GROSVENOR GALLERY, FOOT-IN-THE-GRAVE YOUNG MAN": Martyn Green as Reginald Bunthorne, the fleshly poet, in *Patience*. *Right*—"LET THE MERRY CYMBALS SOUND, GAILY PIPE PANDAEAN PLEASURE": Bunthorne, heavily garlanded, with the rapturous maidens, Lady Angela (Marjorie Eyre) and the Lady Saphir (Kathleen Naylor)

ENSEMBLE IN "PATIENCE": Bunthorne (Martyn Green) and the Lady Jane (Evelyn Gardiner), seen right centre, listen as the Colonel (Darrell Fancourt; left centre) announces the Duke has decided to marry. *On right*—Ann Drummond-Grant as Patience

THE SAVOY OPERAS IN PICTURES

Scenes from "The Sorcerer" and "Patience" at the Scala

"THY LOVE IS BUT A FLOWER THAT FADES WITHIN THE HOUR! IF SUCH THY LOVE, OH SHAME! CALL IT BY OTHER NAME—IT IS NOT LOVE!": Alexis (John Dean), of the Grenadier Guards, and Aline (Ann Drummond-Grant) sing a soulful ballad together in *The Sorcerer*. *On right* —" IF SHE GOES TO HER FAMILY VAULT TO BURY HER LIFE-LONG WOE! —THE FAMILY VAULT": Mr. John Wellington Wells (Martyn Green), of J. W. Wells and Company, Family Sorcerers, and Lady Sangazure (Evelyn Gardiner)

THE IDYLLIC POET: Leslie Rands as Grosvenor in *Patience*, which is being presented for the last time in the present season at the Scala Theatre in a matinee and an evening performance on Saturday July 9

On left—
THE THREE DRAGOONS: Colonel Calverley (Darrell Fancourt), Lieut. the Duke of Dunstable (John Dean), and Major Murgatroyd (William Sumner) make a first-rate trio in *Patience*. Darrell Fancourt, the bass baritone, is now one of the established favourites of the company, having joined in 1920, the year after he had made a most successful appearance at Covent Garden. John Dean has also had a fairly long experience with the Savoy operas

"SAD IS THAT WOMAN'S LOT WHO, YEAR BY YEAR, SEES ONE BY ONE, HER BEAUTIES DISAPPEAR": The Lady Jane (Evelyn Gardiner) in self-pitying mood in the opening episode in Act II of *Patience* in which the curtain rises to reveal her with a 'cello on which she mournfully accompanies herself. Miss Gardiner, who first joined the D'Oyly Carte Company in 1921, has played all the "heavy" contralto leads

THE ANGELIC VISION: Francesca (Tchernicheva) and Paolo (Petroff), who are seen seated together on left, in the Dantesque ballet, *Francesca da Rimini*, which was presented with great success last week in the Covent Garden season, the choreography being the work of David Lichine and the much-praised decor that of Oliver Messel. A rather unusual feature is that there is much more mime than dancing in this particular piece

RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: An instantaneous impression of a graceful moment in Lichine's ballet, *Francesca da Rimini*, presented last week at Covent Garden. M. Lichine has been skilful in matching his action to the exact degree of dramatic tension in Tchaikowsky's music at almost every point, and most conspicuously is this in evidence as the story moves to its dramatic climax and the mounting excitement sets the whole crowd of Rimini courtiers whirling to the composer's orchestral whirlwind

IRINA BARONOVA, whose re-appearance in London has given such satisfaction to lovers of ballet, as the Princess in *Les Cent Baisers*. She made her debut in Paris in 1932

FRANCESCA AND PAOLO: A striking overhead shot of the tragic lovers in the ballet *Francesca da Rimini* at Covent Garden

STAGE *and* SCREEN

THE theatrical season is nearing its close and honou are in the direction which should make the Engli theatre uneasy.

That American play, *Idiot's Delight*, has been its chi ornament. Some consolation can be derived from the fa that Mr. Raymond Massey, who is British, is the ch contributor to its success by reason of a performance whi is well up in the half-dozen best in the last half-dozen yea Yet more consolation can be given to those in need of it t that Home-Countryfied actress, Miss Lynn Fontanne, w was born in London, where she made her first appearan by walking on in a Drury Lane pantomime. That does n alter the fact that at the Lyric Theatre next door *Amp tryon 38* is the most talked-of play in town. I grant th it has a French origin, superimposed upon the Gre mythological naughtiness. But it would not be talked in any town had not New York taken to its soul a American adaptation.

And so to Mr. Clifford Odets's *Golden Boy*, which h reached the St. James's Theatre after a golden career New York, its *locale* to such an unmistakable extent th its characters could no more survive elsewhere than co apricots at the North Pole. This queer play looks me like rivalling its American companions in box-offi attraction, and that not because it falls in with a vo but because of its essential showmanship. No vogue c stand on its own without intrinsic merit. In spite of t influence of Hollywood and of the determination of cert authorities to write in British newspapers of the Briti theatre for British readers in a curious language wh may be described as pidgin-American, I do not beli that a really poor American play could survive in Lond for a week. Indeed, many American plays which, pa or no, have had New York's blessing have vanished fr the London stage with the uncomfortable speed associa with any, and almost every, "adaptation from t Hungarian."

What, then, is the virtue of *Golden Boy* which make so attractive? The sympathy evoked by the hero, Jewish-American youth by name Joe Bonaparte? I do it. I found this young man, brilliantly though Mr. Lu Adler played him, an arrogant lad, devoid of hum and an egotist to the very tips of those fingers (which w going to make him another Yehudi Menuhin had he gone in for prize-fights, had them smashed in one of th and then, having fallen in love with the mistress o promoter of fights, had himself smashed up, body and s in an automobile *(sic)* accident).

Musical geniuses can command sympathy up to a amount when they are willing to back their fancy—t their own genius—to that amount. Richard Wagner w of this type. There were many unpleasant things ab him, and as an example of morality, financial or other he can be marked as "doubtful." But never in doubt an instant was his passionate sincerity. Mr. Joe Bonapa on the other hand, seemed to be the most passionat insincere person I have ever seen on any stage. If a you as we are intended here to suppose, is a God-gifted viol whose whole being is wrapped up in Music (with largest possible M), he does not even begin to worry a boxing, and he worries still less about high-powered m cars, over which he rhapsodised in a very long scene a park bench with a being whom Mr. Damon Run would have described as a "Ritzy doll."

When his old father gave him a valuable birth present in the form of a vintage violin which cost I fe how many thousands of dollars, Joe, had he been a musical genius, would have grabbed it good and hard forgotten all about his sporting backers and 90 miles hour and all the rest of it.

That old father, played by Mr. Morris Carnovsky, steeped in Dickensian sentimentality, and none the w for that. The taxi-driver son-in-law, Siggie, who squab with his wife when he was not, as Mr. Bernard Shaw said, "stewing in love" in a realistically nocturnal sc appeared to me to come to life only when he was dr There may be bald-headed pessimists somewhere Sixth Avenue who quote Schopenhauer as a friend of family; it is a matter of small import that I have n found them. Far more plausible were Mr. Roman Bohn boxing "boss" and Old Man Bonaparte's plump daugh who thought her silly, sottish husband a heaven-sent But even this pair did not strike me as part of that " of life" in 1938 New York which so many experts have never visited New York have so vociferously procla it to be.

Mr. Odets himself would probably make no such c or proclamation. He is a writer with a very nimble a fairly pronounced swing to the Left, and the abili provide a theatrical entertainment which I found inte interesting except during a few periods when, to me, i inaudible. Here is a play which is alive, dramatic, an of that humour which is "good work when you can ge A visit to the St. James's just now is essential for an interested in any aspect of the theatre. But that t "stark realism" (*vide passim*) is open to every pro possible form of doubt whatsoever. It is roman theatrical of a pleasantly blatant type. And is probab the better for it.

Russian Ballet at Covent Garden.—

certain well-liked tobacco, Russian Ballet at Covent G this season has no name; De Basils and Blums are spicuous by their absence in the columns of the public save and except those columns devoted to legal ma But it has names—Baronova, Riabouchinska, Shabel Lichine, and others who are as household words, at rate in the households of the balletomanes.

Plays of Foreign Origin Doing Best on the London Stage : "Golden Boy" an Entertaining Newcomer

By PHILIP PAGE

The season started well, if somewhat late. That is to say, those of us who for some weeks past had been accustomed to operatic punctuality were somewhat perturbed to find the curtain rising about half an hour late, particularly in view of ballet-wars and rumours of ballet-wars. When the curtain did rise it was upon one of the dullest and most perfunctory performances of *Les Sylphides* I have ever seen. The *corps de ballet*, upon whom so much here depends, lacked discipline (or seemed to, which amounts to the same thing) and Mlle Nemtchinova did not dispel memories of other dancers in that role.

Le Coq d'Or showed a vast improvement, in spite of some lighting slips. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music is, for the most part, vocally phrased (this ballet is based on an operatic original, a fact which there is a tendency to ignore) and in such passages mime seems a rather poor substitute. But the taut grace and bizarre vitality of Mlle Riabouchinska as the Golden Cockerel "himself" dominated everything and everybody, and the stark colours of the scenery were an apt background for the simple humours of the action, which no doubt had their political significance at the time the opera was composed and may also have it to-day for those who kindle at any theory that monarchy and buffoonery may be synonymous.

M. Antal Dorati conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra with professional precision; their playing throughout (notably in a fine performance of *L'Oiseau de Feu* last Friday) has been not far from immaculate, no trace being apparent of the rigours of German and Italian grand-operatics.

Particularly good was the orchestral playing in the D'Erlanger ballet *Les Cent Baisers*. This is, as choreography, conventional almost to a ludicrous extent; I refuse to believe, for instance, that even in the ballet world a young man should demonstrate that he is very much in love with a young woman by leaping up in the air and seeing how many times he can twiddle round before he reaches the ground again. But the music is very pretty and it is mighty pleasant to listen occasionally to music that is just pretty and nothing more.

An unchanging musical diet of this type would be as monotonous, or even as sickening, as chocolate cream, and nothing but chocolate cream, for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper for a whole month. Fortunately the *Les Cent Baisers* music is administered only at discreet intervals on such terms I find it digestible.

So far no new ballets have been produced, and with the décor and costumes of the old favourites we are over-familiar. That is where the ballet audiences have come to the rescue by providing the necessary colour and diversion. In stalls and boxes I have noticed, in addition to the normal well-dressed gang, some incongruous figures. Colour was lent one night by a priest in a scarlet cassock, whom I took at first to be the sacristan in *La Tosca* left over from the opera season. Two gentlemen in corduroy breeches appeared to be gamekeepers, though what sort of game they were up to in Covent Garden in June I could not fathom.

White dinner-jackets are in favour with some youths on very hot nights. Their wearers look like bar-tenders taking a few hours off and that is, possibly, what they are. After all, why should not a bar-tender have a tender spot for ballet?

"Frivolités de France."— It is the fashion to give English revues of a certain type French labels, though there is not much more reason for calling the new show at the Prince of Wales's Theatre *Frivolités de France* than a provincial counterpart *Frivolités de Runcorn*. The important point is that this is a much better entertainment than its prototypes of the Boulevard Clichy and East 42nd Street. Mr. Gordon Courtney, who has composed the lyrics and the music and has also, I suspect, made a larger contribution to Prince of Wales's Theatre successes than might appear from the programme, knows both his medium and his public.

The naughty 'nineties could not show on any stage the daring glamour of the group of attendant goddesses labelled "Fifty Naughty Nifties." Mr. Bernard Clifton appears as a guide to female loveliness and as an amusing philosopher and friend to all who may be in search of it. But the main compère is Mr. Naunton Wayne, a compère who is so beyond compare that I would welcome a revue which included "Fifty Naughty Nauntons," were such provision feasible.

The sketches are up to the average level, which never has been a very high level. On the other hand, the funniments of Big and Holl, who dance and flop about, are on a very high level indeed, and so are some very active Canadian comedians called Allen, and a brilliant juggler, Joe Laurin. Miss Joan Warner dances, the main feature of her repertoire being a "Slave Dance" which is officially declared to have shocked Paris. If that is so, Paris is very easily shocked nowadays.

BACK FROM THE DEAD: Mr. Lot (Cecil Parker) is photographed with his daughters, the acid Judith (Viola Lyel; left), the sweet Sally (Jane Welsh), their babies and the goat, mainstay of the family, after their rescue from a mountain top where they have been isolated for months as a result of the earthquake which had destroyed the wicked city of Modos. A scene from *Lot's Wife* at the Whitehall; a modern interpretation of the biblical story of Sodom

FOUR STARS OF "THREE COMRADES": Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, and Robert Young with Margaret Sullavan in their new film which is expected to break records with its triple male attraction that surely cannot fail to bring in the fans. Its London premiere took place last week at the Empire, Leicester Square

On right—SHIRLEY TEMPLE STEPS OUT: Hollywood's juvenile favourite pictured with Assistant Park Naturalist Louis Schellbach during her recent visit to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the course of a holiday tour of the States. Last week she was received by the President at the White House

IN "TROPIC HOLIDAY," which was presented last week at the Plaza, Ray Milland plays the part of a romantic writer who finds inspiration on meeting Manuela (Dorothy Lamour), the beautiful daughter of a South Mexican innkeeper. It is a conventional story, but good tunes and fine photography relieve it

AN ARTIST VOYAGER WITH CAPTAIN COOK

South Sea Pictures By William Hodges on Loan to the Tate

On left—"CAPTAIN COOK LANDING AT MALLCOLO": This historic picture by William Hodges, R.A., is one of a pair that have just been loaned to the Tate Gallery by Mr. H. Arthurton. It was painted in 1774 and shows the great circumnavigator and his men reaching an island in the New Hebrides group in the course of an intertropical cruise during the southern winter. Cook found the inhabitants in the lowest state of barbarism, and this pictorial record of his visit was actually painted on the spot, the artist being official draughtsman to the South Seas Expedition—a post he obtained through the influence of Lord Palmerston

On right—A HOSTILE RECEPTION: "Captain Cook landing at Tanna 1774" as depicted by William Hodges, R.A., official draughtsman to the South Seas Expedition; a canvas that is now on loan to the Tate Gallery, together with that reproduced at the head of this page. Hodges had an adventurous career. He was born in London in 1744, the only child of a smith, and as a youth was employed as an errand boy in Shipley's drawing school, where Richard Wilson, R.A., took notice of him, eventually making him his pupil. It was in 1772 that Lord Palmerston gave Hodges a chance to accompany Captain Cook, an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage, and his pictorial contributions to the published account of Cook's voyagings won him instant recognition. In 1778 the artist went to India under the patronage of Warren Hastings, remaining there about six years and painting some very vivid scenes

THE ONCE MUCH-DISCUSSED STATUE OF BALZAC BY RODIN which, to mark the centenary year of the French Society of Authors, is being given an honoured site in one of the busiest centres in Paris—at the junction of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail

Paris Finds a Worthy Site for A RODIN MASTERPIECE

THE French Society of Authors has just celebrated its centenary with the holding of a number of ceremonies, attended by the President of the French Republic, in Paris and at Chantilly and Versailles. The society's house, the Hotel de Massa, originally stood in the Champs-Elysées, from where it was removed and re-erected stone by stone in quite a different quarter of Paris, near the observatory. To mark this centenary it was proposed to place Rodin's famous statue of Balzac in the gardens of the hotel. For forty years and more the great French sculptor's masterpiece, originally commissioned for this Society of Authors, has never been given an honoured site in Paris.

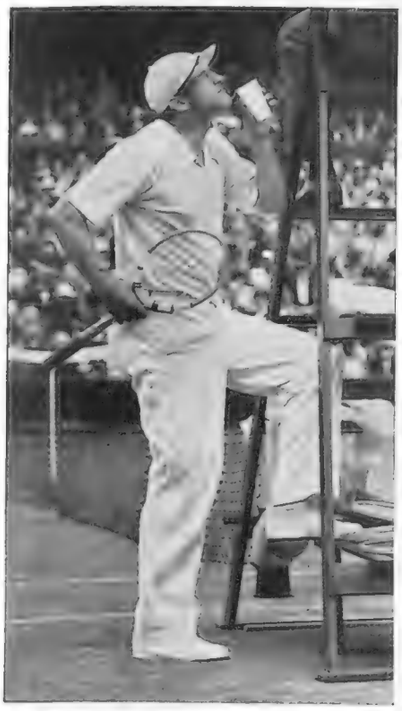
Balzac was one of the founders and the first president of the Society of Authors. Alexandre Dumas, his successor, who was a great friend and admirer of the celebrated writer, was the first to suggest that a statue should be erected in his memory. Rodin was commissioned to execute the work. After months of labour experimenting with several life-size studies, Rodin announced that the figure was completed and invited members of the society to view the work and express their opinion. It was declared a disgrace to Balzac's name and denounced as a crude, formless, inadmissible statue; it was a joke! Opposing groups of artists, sculptors, critics, and writers protested for and against Rodin's creation. But indignation was such that this "shameful" masterpiece was hunted from one place to another and, after wandering for forty years without having been given a dignified site, it returned to the Rodin Museum. At length, through the intermediary of M. Georges Lecomte, the present president of the Society of Authors, the famous statue will be given an appropriate setting in one of the busiest centres of Paris—at the junction of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail.

To the untrained eye the statue would seem to represent a formless block surmounted by a striking study of Balzac's head. But none the less the character of Balzac is truly portrayed in this imposing statue, where he is seen drawn to his full dignified height, his massive head towering over a powerful frame perfectly modelled and enveloped underneath a long garment. A. W.

"MARY BEAUMONT" BY MYTENS: A work of much personal interest offered at Christie's this week together with other pictures by old masters being sold by the executor of the Right Hon. Viscount Feilding. Mary was a poor relation of the Villiers family and was given a domestic situation in the house of Sir George Villiers. She began in the kitchen, and tradition tells that Sir George saw her and said she was too good-looking for this, insisting on his wife taking her as her maid. On Lady Villiers' death Sir George married her and she was the mother of the celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

COSMOPOLIS AT WIMBLEDON

Some Highlights of the First Week of the Lawn Tennis Championships



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S GIANT: Roderick Menzel pauses for a drink beneath the umpire's chair during his second-round needle match with China's W. C. Choy, whom he just managed to beat in five sets

GERMANY RAMPANT: H. Henkel in play in one of the opening rounds. In the absence of von Cramm he is now his country's No. 1, and his thunderous first service is as potent a weapon of aggression as ever

CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND CHINA—THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT: Giant R. Menzel and diminutive W. C. Choy going out to do battle in their "five-setter" which lasted over 2¾ hours and once again proved the dictum that "a good big 'un will beat a good little 'un." Twice at least it looked very much as if Menzel must be the first of the "seeds" to fall by the wayside, but this time his finishing power just saved him

CHILE DESPONDENT: Senorita Lizana, champion of the United States, sits dejectedly by the umpire's chair after her defeat at the hands of Madame Mathieu, champion of France, in two ten-game sets. It was a tragically early exit for the little Chilean star, and one wonders whether her confidence was not disturbed by the fact that she was not seeded

FRANCE TRIUMPHANT: Madame Mathieu, champion of her own country, in play against Senorita Lizana, for whom she accounted in a quite uninspiring match

AMERICA HANDICAPPED: Bill Tilden and Donald Budge, champion of four countries, with Miss Helen Jacobs after her victory over Miss Ingram. The Californian girl was far from well

ALL-AMERICAN DUEL: Miss Alice Marble (left) and Miss M. Cootes, both of whom hail from the United States, entering the lists for their first-round encounter which resulted in an easy victory for the former whose ability to serve aces of masculine virulence continues undiminished

A FAMOUS STATUE CHANGES ITS NATIONALITY: The Lancelotti version of the "Discobolus" of Myron—by general consent the finest of several extant copies of that work—which has for decades been in the private apartments of the Palazzo Lancelotti, Rome, and has now been purchased by Munich Museum. It is just possible that Myron's original bronze "Discobolus" may yet be found, but it is more likely it was melted down over one thousand years ago when Romans looted Greece

The Strange Case of MYRON'S "DISCOBOLUS"

Munich's Recent Purchase of the Lancelotti Copy Draws Attention to an Age-old Mystery

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE tantalising mystery of Myron's lost "Discobolus" is revived by the sale of the marble known as the Lancelotti "Discobolus" by the heirs of Princess Elizabeth Lancelotti-Aldobrandini. The Lancelotti "Discobolus" (which was formerly known as the Massimi "Discobolus") has been for decades in the private apartments of the Palazzo Lancelotti in Rome, where it was not accessible to the general public—though its general appearance was known from published photographs and casts. The price paid by the new purchaser, the Munich Museum, is said to have been 6,000,000 lire, of which 1,500,000 were taken by the Italian Government as export duty.

Ancient writers tell us that Myron was much esteemed in Athens about 450 B.C., and that he worked in wood and in bronze, but not in marble. He was chiefly famous for a wooden "Hecate," a bronze "Cow," a bronze of an athlete called "Ladas" who died of heart failure at the Olympic Games, a bronze group of "Athena and Marsyas," and a bronze "Discobolus" which Lucian describes as "stooping to make the throw, turning round towards the hand that holds the disc and slightly bending over one knee to straighten himself before the throw." None of these statues, unfortunately, exists to-day.

It is always possible, of course, that Myron's original bronze "Discobolus" may still be dug up or somehow discovered; but it is much more likely that, like the bronze originals by the other Greek masters, it was melted down for the metal or otherwise destroyed more than 1,000 years ago when the Romans looted Greece or when the barbarians sacked Rome; and we must resign ourselves to the hard facts that we shall most probably never see a bronze original by Myron and never discover the personal characters in his style and art.

The famous marble statues—the Lancelotti "Discobolus," the British Museum "Discobolus," the Vatican "Discobolus," and the "Lansdowne Diomede with the Palladium" (formerly in the Lansdowne Collection) are all presumed to be derived from Myron's lost bronze "Discobolus," described by Lucian. The antique parts of these statues were found in Rome about 150 years ago when the site of Hadrian's Villa and other sites were excavated.

The numerous marble statues which then appeared in the market all consisted of more or less damaged antique portions restored to complete statues, in the taste of the time, under the auspices of the local dealers, of whom one Jenkins and one Gavin Hamilton were especially patronised by English collectors.

"The Lansdowne Diomede with the Palladium" (a "Discobolus" torso) was found at Ostia in 1772; it was then grotesquely restored and sold to the 1st Lord Lansdowne by Gavin Hamilton four years later. The British Museum "Discobolus," one of the celebrated Townley Marbles, was bought by Townley from Hamilton; the antique portions of this statue had been found in Hadrian's Villa in 1791; the missing portions were the head and parts of the legs, arms, hands, and feet; a local restorer made good the minor omissions, and a head from some other statue with restored nose, lips, and chin, was put on.

THE HEAD OF THE LANCELOTTI "DISCOBOLUS," with its small, delicately chiselled semi-naturalistic locks, is regarded as the nearest approach to the head that Myron himself executed

The antique portions of the Vatican "Discobolus" were found in Hadrian's Villa by Count Fede in 1791; the missing portions here were the head, the right leg below the knee, and part of the left foot, all of which were supplied by a local sculptor named Albacini, who also added an inscription in Greek characters, describing the work as "by Myron," on the base; Pope Pius VI bought this statue and placed it in the Vatican Museum which he was organising at this time. The antique portions of the Lancelotti "Discobolus" were found on the Esquiline in 1781; here the only missing part was the left leg from the knee to the ankle, which was restored by a sculptor named Angellini. The Lancelotti "Discobolus" is thus the only one of these marbles which was found with a head, and still more fortunately, a head with an unbroken nose.

How far do these marbles help us to guess at the sculptural characters of Myron's original bronze? Not very far, alas! because there is no evidence that the sculptors of the marbles worked from the original or had ever seen it. The head from another statue (with restored nose, lips, and chin) put on to the British Museum "Discobolus" and Albacini's head put on to the Vatican "Discobolus" both look forward at the ground—the restorers being, of course, unacquainted with the original and also unacquainted, it would seem, with Lucian's description of the original, which I have quoted above. In the Lancelotti "Discobolus," on the other hand, which has its own head, the head is turned back towards the hand with the disc as Lucian described it; we get this turn of the head also in a small antique bronze statuette of the subject in the Munich Museum; and thus the general attitude of the Lancelotti "Discobolus" may be presumed to be correct

We can get no detailed indications of the modelling of the original bronze torso from the British Museum, Vatican, Lancelotti and Lansdowne ("Diomede with the Palladium") marbles, because the torso in each case is different, and all differ from the more naturalistic torso, known as the Terme torso, which was found on the shore near Castel Porziano about forty years ago and is now in the Terme National Museum, Rome.

Archæologists have made various attempts to "reconstruct" the figure by casting portions of these statues and combining them; one such, which includes the Lancelotti head and the Terme torso, and is painted to imitate bronze, has been often reproduced and is popularly thought of as "The Discobolus by Myron"; other reconstructions combine the Lancelotti head with the British Museum or the Vatican torso.

All the reconstructions use the Lancelotti head because, as noted above, the other marbles have heads which do not belong to them. The Lancelotti head, with its small, delicately chiselled semi-naturalistic locks fitting close to the crown (like the locks on the bronze "Delphi Charioteer"), is likely to have been the treatment used by Myron, who was working in bronze. It is certainly much more likely than the deeply cut sculpturesque treatment of the other heads adjoined to various torso. Beyond this we cannot get nearer to Myron's original lost bronze than to say that, seen from a distance, and removing the tree trunk, it probably resembled the Lancelotti statue.

THREE VERSIONS OF THE "DISCOBOLUS": *Left*—The British Museum copy, the antique parts of which were found in Rome about 150 years ago. Its head is taken from some other statue and is put on the wrong way, as also is the head of the Vatican copy (*centre*). The Terme torso (*right*), was discovered about 40 years ago

MYRON

The Pioneer

Joseph Pijoan in his monumental *History of Art* writes of Myron: "He was a specialist. To him the most interesting things about man were action, life and physical sensation. Before his time, we find marvellous works of art in Egypt, Greece and the Orient, but they were impersonal social studies: not one artist was quite able to detach himself from his own school. Beauty, magnificence and a certain perfection may have been achieved, but no such personal individuality as that of Myron can be found prior to his time

Douglas Went

JUNE GLORIES OF FIELD AND HEDGEROW: A youngster picking wild roses and marguerites in a meadow near Lavenham, Suffolk, where the countryside in this first month of summer is at its freshest. It has benefited immensely from recent rain

Summer Time in EAST ANGLIA

MAINTAINING A CITY'S ARCHITECTURAL CHARACTER: These gabled Tudor houses in Oak Street, Norwich, have been reconditioned by the Norwich Amenities Preservation Society and thus saved from the threat of destruction under a slum clearance scheme. The Society was formed three years ago and aims at stopping needless demolition of good examples of local architecture where repairs can be carried out economically

On right—IN GRACEFUL SILHOUETTE: Tall grasses beside a Suffolk pond

A Page for Women

SENTIMENTAL SUMMER NIGHTS

Fashion Coquets With Flowers and Bows and Miles of Baby Frills

WITH a rose in the hair and a fan in the hand Fashion revives what used to be known as Woman's Wiles. Think of the sequined-head veils she loves. Of the tiny lace fichus worn with romantic off-the-shoulder evening frocks. Of the wrist-length lace mittens, or even more of the quaint, excessively short satin gloves. Of the picture frocks sewn with mile on mile of ruffled lace, or strewn with organdie flowers. Of the necklaces and bracelets composed of exotic scented flowers. Of frocks that fit like a second skin, with skirts that swirl madly from below the knees.

If you are a Romantic make the most of this summer. Show off your sloping shoulders. Indulge in head-y phantasies. Wear grand, sweeping capes. Bring out old baroque jewellery. Brush your hair high and set your fancy soaring.

White triumphs over every colour, although misty greys, blues, mauves, and vivid pinks are frequently seen. Black, for once, is rather relegated to the background. Not that you need fear to wear it if it suits you best of all, for individuality counts more than anything else.

Slipper satin is important, firstly for picture frocks in the grand manner, and secondly for pleated dresses, subtle as a Grecian drawing. Bead embroideries turn many simple gowns into works of art, and the combined transparency of lace and chiffon provides excuses for the most delicate shirring and intricate tucks. There is no such thing as true simplicity this summer. Always it is the subtle sort that reveals rather than conceals.

Day Into Evening

A little coat of blue chiffon patterned with appliquéd white flowers, plainly bordered and swathed about the waist where it is tied with two bows, turns a charming dinner frock into a garden party dress. In the picture below it is worn without the jacket, showing the gauged chiffon top and the beautiful uneven waistline. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London.

On the left, a dress of armour grey satin with a draped corsage and a pleated skirt melting into a flat diaphragm. Finished with small bright flowers beneath the shoulders, it comes from the Younger Set Department, at Harrods, where too you may find the dance frock of black chiffon and lace. Exquisitely shirred between the shaped lace panels, it has stiffened puff sleeves which leave the shoulders bare

Children in the News

The Reventlow Baby and Holland's Princess

DOMESTIC RIFT? Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, heiress to Woolworth millions, with her two-year-old son Lance, against whom, it was rumoured last week, a kidnapping threat has been made. Later it became known that there was a family issue at stake, involving relations between the Count and Countess

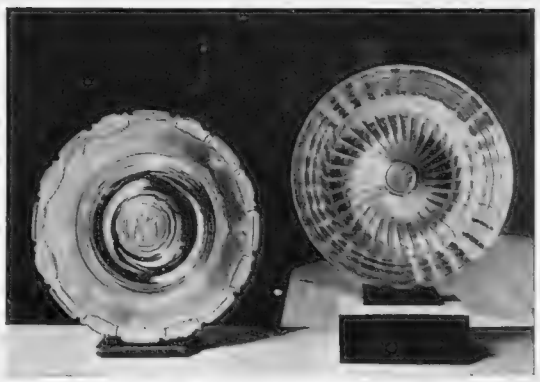
HOLLAND'S ROYAL INFANT: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands standing on a balcony of the Soestdijk Palace as they showed their child, Princess Beatrix, to a gathering of aged people

MISSOURI'S MIGHTY MITE: Meet six-months-old Wallace Gough, who hails from St. Louis and despite his tender age is able to haul himself up by his arms on a cane held horizontally and accomplish other big feats. His father is a professional strong man

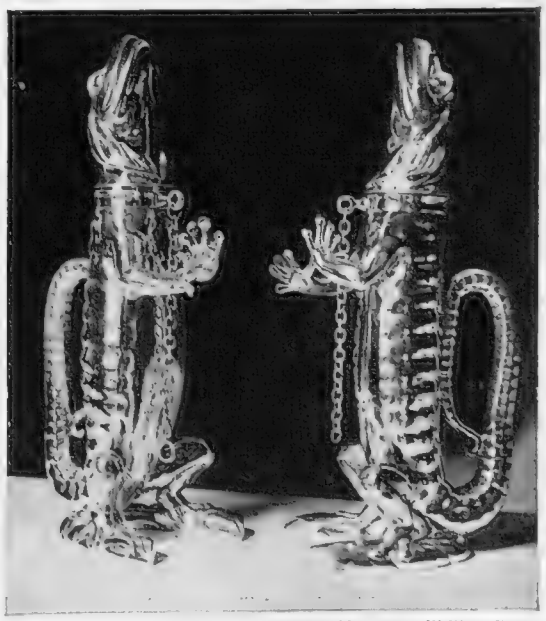
LONDON'S SILVERWARE DISPLAY

THE GOLDSMITHS' HALL in Foster Lane, Cheapside, is to be the scene from July 4 to July 16 of an important Exhibition of Modern Silverwork, organised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths with the object of stimulating a greater degree of interest in the silver industry and the productions of its craftsmen

A RICH ARRAY: Laying out some of the examples of contemporary craftsmanship in the Goldsmiths' Hall where the Exhibition of Modern Silverwork is to be held. The display will include work of individual craftsmanship by designers of the last twenty years and examples of the best machine production



ORNAMENTAL PLATE OF TO-DAY: A silver gilt rosewater dish designed by Harold Stabler and made by him in conjunction with W. E. King, and a fluted silver rosewater dish designed by Professor R. Y. Gleadowe for presentation to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge



SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

DRINKING VESSELS IN THE FORM OF LIZARDS: They were designed by G. Alexander for the Ironmongers' Company and will both be on view at the exhibition

Artists and the Dance

A Novel Show Opens at the Leicester Galleries

DESIGN FOR "LES VALSES DE BEETHOVEN": A striking sketch by Hugh Stevenson included in the interesting exhibition being held at the Leicester Galleries to illustrate the evolution of dancing through the ages

THE DEGAS TOUCH: Suzanne Eisendieck's "Danseuses dans les Coulisses" is another work in the exhibition, illustrative of The Dance, at the Leicester Galleries. This fine display includes works by Matisse and Picasso

DANCING IN A CAVERN: This picture by Beldy, made entirely in fabric, is one of the curiosities of the Leicester Galleries show. In such a restricted medium it is a matter for not a little wonderment that the artist has been able to create such an air of rhythmic movement

A SUMMER-TIME INFERNO: The brilliant sunshine following the weeks of drought is taking its toll on the bone-dry heathland. This picture from the air was taken at Newbury last week where the fire raged on both sides of the main road, creating an impassable barricade of flames and smoke

REASONABLE USE OF THE ROADS

While Waiting for Better Conditions Motorists Can, With a Little Forethought, Make Motoring Safer and Pleasanter

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN spite of the praiseworthy efforts of various committees and of the recommendations in the Bressey Report, I feel convinced that it will be many years before the roads of this country are improved to an extent that would be noticeable. In consequence, all efforts should be directed towards making the best of what we have got, and by that I mean adopting measures which will permit motorists to travel at a reasonable speed safely and without causing inconvenience or injury to other road users.

I have not the figures available, but I think I am well on the safe side if I say that 75 per cent. of the main roads in this country are suitable for two lines of traffic only. I am not quite convinced that the road which takes three lines of traffic is to be preferred to that which only accommodates two. With the latter, progress is, of course, much slower, but it is obviously safer. Anyway, whether the main road is narrow or wide, much of its available width is lost if those travelling along it do not keep as close to the near side as is possible. In some countries the mobile police have powers to deal quite severely with drivers who do not keep close in to the left. The courtesy "cop," if he can drive his motor-cycle between the car and the kerb, ceases to be courteous and instead presents the offending driver with an official demand for 10s. or £1 by way of a fine.

We do not want to institute such arbitrary measures in this country, but our own courtesy cops could do quite a lot of useful work by overtaking and stopping every road user who is not keeping as close to the left-hand kerb as possible. Nothing is more annoying than to be held up on one of our narrow highways by a car sauntering along on the crown of the road on a Sunday at 20 or 30 m.p.h. The cyclist, too, should remember that on these highways which only take two lines of traffic, while he is side-by-side with a vehicle coming in the opposite direction he, in fact, occupies just the same amount of room as a car unless he keeps well in to the left. In other words, no sensible motorist wishing to pass a cyclist ahead will attempt to do so if, while in the act of passing, a car coming in the opposite direction will make three abreast, unless, of course, the cyclist is well into the verge.

I think I have written enough to make it evident that if we are compelled to have narrow roads, then we ought to have the whole available width for our use.

Mention was made recently that there was a possibility that in future political processions would be prohibited. Far be it from me to start any political discussion, but I do say that processions of all kinds definitely interrupt the even flow of traffic on our inadequate streets and roads. I often wonder whether it is necessary to move troops about at the busiest time of the day, and if this cannot be avoided, would it not be better to divide them into smaller processions.

Another point about military movements is perhaps apposite. When I was in the army as a very junior second-lieutenant, I was taught that when I had charge of a convoy of lorries on the road I was never to park them on a corner, and even when I carried out the parking operations on a straight road I had to leave a sufficient space between each lorry so that a car could take shelter between any two, in case opposing traffic prevented its forward movement. Apparently, the present day R.A.S.C. do not consider the well-being of other road users to the same degree, although to-day we are not engaged in war.

Frequently, I meet scores of lorries drawn up on roads and it is an exceedingly risky business to carry out the operation of passing them. This morning, on the day of writing these notes, I came across at least twenty of these army lorries parked on a bend, and I can assure readers that the road was such that there was no possible reason why the bend should be selected, because a little farther on there was an ample length of straight road.

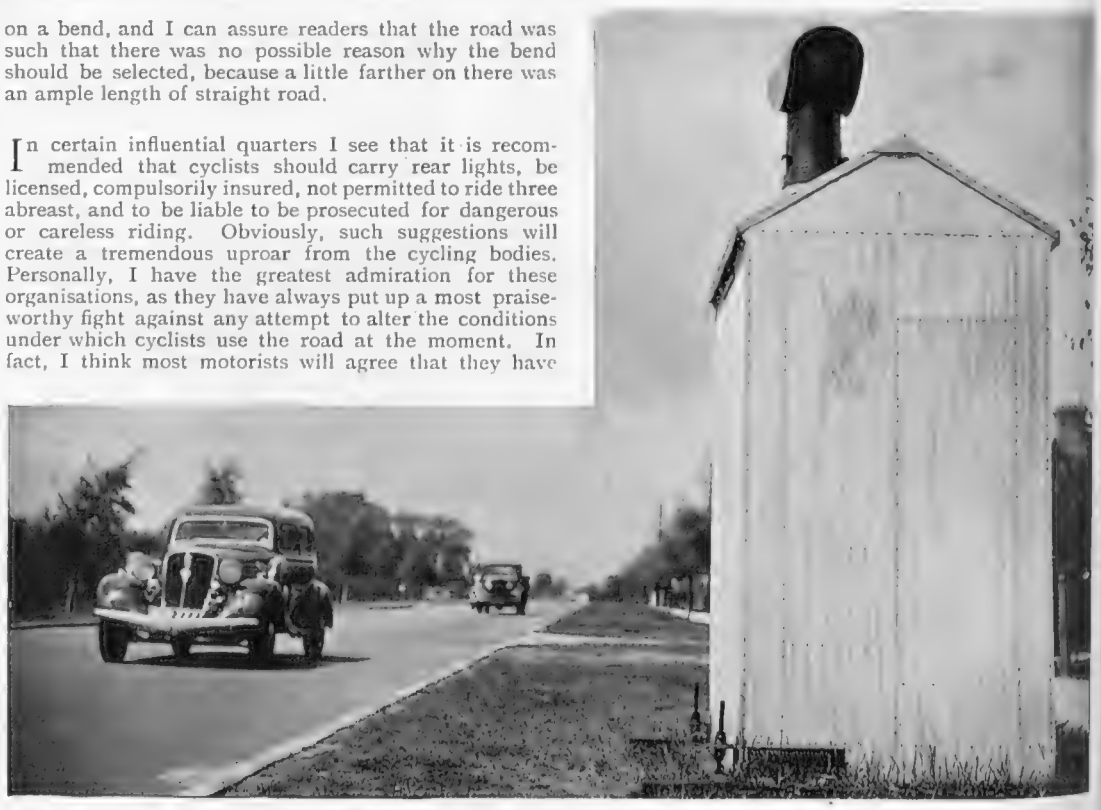
MOTORISTS FILLING UP! A pause for refreshment on the terrace of Moor Park Club House on the occasion of the Chrysler-Dodge Joint Golf Tournament which was recently held at Moor Park. Mr. Benjamin King, chairman of Chrysler Motors, Ltd., and Dodge Brothers (Britain), Ltd., is seen second from the left

In certain influential quarters I see that it is recommended that cyclists should carry rear lights, be licensed, compulsorily insured, not permitted to ride three abreast, and to be liable to be prosecuted for dangerous or careless riding. Obviously, such suggestions will create a tremendous uproar from the cycling bodies. Personally, I have the greatest admiration for these organisations, as they have always put up a most praiseworthy fight against any attempt to alter the conditions under which cyclists use the road at the moment. In fact, I think most motorists will agree that they have deserved all the success that they have recorded, and on many occasions we motorists wish that our own motoring organisations would become equally active and persuasive. No one ever likes surrendering any privilege which he has enjoyed, and so when it is suggested that some of the privileges to which the cycling fraternity has become accustomed should be taken away we must not be surprised at hearing a noise.

Personally, I refuse to believe that the average cyclist would have the slightest objection to carrying a rear light. I also believe that the average cyclist would not moan if it were made compulsory for him to use the special cycle tracks which have been laid down for his benefit. In other words, I am not convinced that the cycling bodies are voicing the real opinion of cyclists.

In fact, it is doubtful whether any organisation that looks after any section of road user can be certain of giving the average opinion of that section of the community. The trouble is that our law-makers never seem to inquire what proportion of pedestrians are members of the Pedestrians Association, the proportion of cyclists that are members of the C.T.C. or N.C.U., or the proportion of motorists whose names appear on the membership rolls of the R.A.C. or A.A. No body should be entitled to be listened to seriously unless the number of its members is a fair proportion of that section of the community which it claims to represent.

Lately, I have noticed an unpleasant number of drivers who appear compelled to turn their heads to one side while conversing with their passengers. It seems almost incredible that anyone who values his neck should take his eye off the road even if the necessity for doing so was somewhat important, but to run such risks in order to engage in idle chatter is frankly nothing less than madness. Such a habit is easily detected by anyone following behind, and so it should be quite a simple matter for the men in blue on motor-cycles to pull up for warning anyone they find conducting themselves in this way. I am not very fond of the driver who smokes continuously while at the wheel. I realise, of course, that if one were to stop and consider every risk that is run when driving a car on the road we should probably not drive at all, but smoking, especially a cigarette, with the window of the saloon car open seems to be asking for trouble. Just one spark in the driver's eye and the smoker would not require another cigarette for months.



HIDDEN CAMERA WATCHES MOTORISTS: In this hut on the Colnbrook by-pass is contained the Road Research Laboratory's latest idea for studying the wear of road surfaces. The hut is, in effect, a camera obscura, above which is a 12-in. diameter mirror directly over an observer's table. As the car or lorry approaches, the observer, in collaboration with a writer, classes the vehicle and the strip of road on which it is travelling

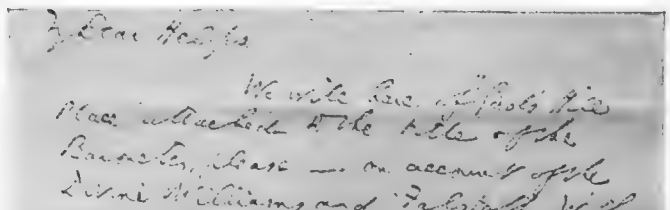
TWO CAPITALS BUILD BIG: GIANT BUILDINGS GOING UP ON EDINBURGH AND LONDON SITES

EDINBURGH'S
Government Block

A wide angle, overhead view showing the progress of the work on the new block of Government buildings now rising in a dominating position on the lower slopes of Calton Hill, Edinburgh. Stretching away to the right is famed Princes Street, while rising in the background is the castle

LONDON'S
New Hospital

The towering bulk of Thames House, Millbank, is from this angle almost eclipsed by the steel framework of the new Westminster Hospital now rising in Horseferry Road on an area that was once slum. In the distance on the left is Lambeth Bridge—another comparatively recent addition to this much built-upon area



DOCUMENTARY PROOF: This extract is taken from an item in the sale of Dickens letters, which is to take place at Sotheby's on July 11, forming part of a letter written by Dickens to Sir Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Privy Council. It makes reference to the baronetcy which the great novelist was offered and would have received had not his death intervened. His biographers could not have known of this MS., otherwise they would never have claimed, as they did, that Dickens was never offered such an honour

CHARLES DICKENS WAS OFFERED A BARONETCY

A Letter by the Great Novelist Proves a Point of Long-standing Controversy

CHARLES DICKENS belonged to that wonderful coterie of letter-writers who flung off their letters without apparent effort, putting into the merest note something vivid and vital, of the very essence of the writer. His letters, like those of Jane Welsh Carlyle, are a permanent joy, giving almost as much pleasure to the reader to-day as to the recipient. The clear, neat and incisive handwriting also adds considerably to the satisfaction of the owner, who is not teased over deciphering an untidy epistle.

The Comte de Suzannet has long been known as the possessor of a remarkable collection of letters and material belonging to Charles Dickens. A selection of these letters appeared in the saleroom a year ago, and now a further portion is announced to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on July 11. As one goes through the excellently prepared catalogue one seems to be reading the life of Dickens through these revealing letters—letters showing him full of human kindness, loyal to his friends, pugnacious over his rights with his publishers, bursting with nervous energy and that intense vitality with which he imbued every action of his life.

In the last year of his life, 1870, he received an invitation to Buckingham Palace, Queen Victoria having long been anxious to meet him. There are three letters concerning this royal request, which must have shown Dickens very markedly the height he had climbed since the never-forgotten anguish of the boot-blacking days. The Queen was very gracious, and at parting presented him with a copy of her *Highland Journal*, with the delightful autograph inscription, "From the humblest of writers to one of the greatest."

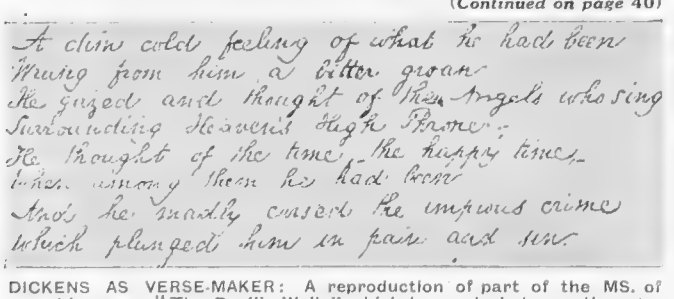
At this time there was a rumour that the famous author was to receive a baronetcy, but his biographers, from Forster downwards, have denied all such intention. A letter, however, in this sale from Dickens himself to Sir Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Privy Council, appears to confirm the rumour—"We will have of 'Gad's Hill Place' attached to the title of the Baronetcy, please . . . . With this stipulation, my blessing and forgiveness are enclosed . . . . ." This letter was dated March 3, 1870—and Dickens died on June 9—his unexpected death possibly arresting the royal intention. His personal estate was valued at £93,000, no inadequate reward for his incessant labour.

The first lot in the sale includes letters concerning his Micawber-like father, always in financial difficulties, having to hide from his creditors, while his family had to manage as best they could. His mother, whom he could never quite forgive for having tried to send him back to the dreadful drudgery of the boot-blacking business (he wrote "I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back"), was a quaint irresponsible person, resembling Mrs. Nickleby. He describes her in a fine letter concerning his family.

"I am involved in great anxiety and worry by the unexpected death of my poor brother Alfred. He had had no opportunity of providing for his family—died worth nothing—and has left a widow and five children—you may suppose to whom. . . . My mother, who was also left to me when my father died (I never had anything left to me but relations), is in the strangest state of mind from senile decay; and the impossibility of getting her to understand what is the matter, combined with her desire to be got up in sables like a female Hamlet, illumines the dreary scene with a ghastly absurdity that is the chief relief I can find in it."

The painful separation from his wife, after long years of married life, also appears among these intimate letters. Dickens was extremely sensitive about public opinion and was at pains to prove that his action was right and necessary. Unfortunately, he was so upset by the quite natural criticism which so surprising an event in a proper Victorian household evoked that he quarrelled with some of his dearest friends, and went so far as to print a long account in his own paper, desiring, moreover, that all the other papers should copy it. In one of the letters he refers to the arrangement that

(*Continued on page 40*)



DICKENS AS VERSE-MAKER: A reproduction of part of the MS. of his poem, "The Devil's Walk," which he wrote between the ages of eighteen and nineteen and which is now to be sold at Sotheby's, together with other Dickensiana from the De Suzannet collection

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AN IMPRESARIO TURNS WANDERER

James R. Ullman Takes a Rest from Play-producing, Makes an Amazonian Journey of the Maximum Discomfort and Returns to Set Down the Tale

By VERNON FANE

NOT a heartbreak, nor a dangerous illness, nor a spiritual crisis prompted Mr. James Ramsey Ullman to set forth on a voyage down the more uncomfortable reaches of the Upper Amazon, but a few printed sentences from those New York critics who make the theatre their particular field of attack. For Mr. Ullman is a New York impresario, and his productions are thus fair game for the slings and arrows of critical journalism.

Nor did that journalism do things by half measures. "Doesn't amount to a hoot in Joe Leblang's bargain basement," wrote one distinguished critic of a James R. Ullman production, while another remarked that it "had the dramatic content of a hole in a doughnut." After such *dicta*, to dismiss plays as imitative, inept and lamentable was almost to praise them, and it is not surprising that Mr. Ullman felt that a holiday was in order. His wife had various suggestions to offer—all attractive, all in pleasant contrast to a New York winter, and all civilised. The trip Mr. Ullman finally chose had none of these advantages.

He sailed for Lima, in Peru, deciding to cross the Andes from there, reach the Amazon on foot or on mule-back, which, as he points out, often comes to the same thing, and sail down that great river to the Atlantic. In other words, to make a journey of the maximum discomfort, uncertainty and, as his friends assured him, futility, instead of a gay, well-regulated holiday.

Well, he made it, to use his own idiom, and he has written about it in a really entertaining travel book, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), which follows none of the accepted models for travel books, and gains immeasurably by its independence. It is *insouciant*, if you like, but in a more robust vein than Mr. Fleming's writings. It is adventurous, but not in the manner of Mr. Duguid, and it has, in a greater degree than any travel book I have read in the last year or two, a pervading, transforming sense of humour most accurately specified as un-donnish.

Mr. Ullman has proved himself to be a lively writer, an equable traveller, and an inspired reporter of incident and scene, but chiefly a born collector of types—so much so, in fact, that one wonders at even the most temporary setback on Broadway.

Of the types in this book (and I give the author credit only for discovering, not for inventing, them), the most engaging is the inimitable Herman Lord, ostensibly in South America to hunt for shells with pearl-button possibilities, and actually, as Mr. Ullman lost no time in deciding, a sympathetic adventurer in the true tradition of Daniel Boone and Don Quixote.

The lone expedition was quickly reorganised as Lord and Ullman, and set off down the Pichil Trail for Iquitos, an Amazon "town," more than 1,000 miles from the Pacific coast, and three times that distance from the Atlantic. Para, where Amazon meets Atlantic, was the end of the journey, but the exciting thing about this book is not that the two travellers got there safely, but that they started at all.

Miss Yvonne ffrench has called her book on OUIDA (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.) a "study in ostentation," and it is from that point of view that she considers the life of that remarkable woman whose novels first shocked and delighted the prim public of the 'sixties.

Ouida was, in so far as the public knew her, entirely self-made. She had a plan of life, and she held rigidly to it until her last few years of overwhelming debt and consequent squalor. Her very name was of her own choosing—a childish compromise for the more stately Louisa of her christening. She disliked women, but, far from being masculine in her tastes, she dressed extravagantly and sometimes beautifully, spent hundreds of pounds on the flowers for a single reception, and was often known to spend her last *sou* on a fragile piece of china.

Ouida was physically unattractive—a heavy-featured, lank-haired woman, who escaped in her novels into a world of gallantry and devotion in which the central figure was an improbably romantic guardsman, in love with a woman of great beauty and equal nobility. As Miss ffrench observes, Ouida's heroines were often great bores; and it is only to her minor woman characters, usually depicted as malicious and scheming, that she allows any humour.

For herself, Ouida had plenty of wit, and (which is unexpected in an author whose name is a by-word for exaggeration and ludicrous inaccuracy) a very distinguished critical faculty, which Mr. Norman Douglas has been one of the few to observe and appreciate. Her essay on d'Annunzio, which Miss ffrench quotes at some length, belongs, as she says, "to the realm of pure criticism. . . Ouida, with her unerring intuition, explained him and his sensual psychology once and for all."

Although Ouida could count on many faithful and, to be honest, long-suffering friends, her cynicism and her disbelief in human kindness never left her. Only dogs were admitted into her real friendship; and to her last day she resented an attempt at interference, even when it had as its object the curing of one of her illnesses or the saving of her home.

In spite of her excesses in taste, and temper, Ouida preserved an integrity to the end, a consistent horror of what she thought of as patronage and bitterly resented.

"She died as she had lived; uncompromising and unpractical, half genius and half crazy, entirely unfitted to wrestle with realities, yet equipped with an integrity of ideas that wholly compensated for her wild defects."

Miss ffrench's book was badly needed to show that unique woman and that still unique writer in the light of sanity and perspective.

Since the question has been whether or not to fight for Czechoslovakia; since that state and its current problems have figured so very much in the news; since the very name stares at us at street corners, scrawled on walls, a serious examination of the historical background of the Czech problem should be a book for most thinking people. Significantly its title is CZECHS AND GERMANS (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.) and equally significant it is sub-titled "A study of the struggle in the historic Provinces of Bohemia and Moravia," and it is published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

Having no political axe to grind (and how pleasant it is to read about so controversial a subject without an undertone of bias from left or right) Miss Elizabeth Wiskemann devotes herself to a careful and comprehensive examination of the peoples and histories which make up this essentially central European state, leading up to an equally careful analysis of the opposing influences concerned with to-day's acute problem.

Anyone cherishing the illusion that the German-Czech troubles were created by the treaty of Versailles will find themselves being introduced to Metternich, with his well-known "contempt for the Czechs," to rioting among the Czech workingmen of Prague and Pilsen and among the German artisans of Eger and Komotau in 1827, and to the events of the year 1848. Or that "The chauvinist Germans had a habit of describing as parasites the Slavs as well as the Jews, and in Eger (Cheb) in 1897, for instance, one hears of hotels and cafés which used to show notices, 'Czechs, Jews, dogs not allowed here'." These same Czechs, it must be remembered, found themselves in 1914 called upon "to fight and die for that Germanic expansionism which they associated with oppression and militarism in its most exact sense." Significantly also, it was the Sudeten Germans who supplied the crack regiments in the Austrian Army, and the German-speaking Bohemians who regarded the Czechs as the "worst, the most treacherous of Slavs."

This trouble, then, was smouldering and flaming long before Herr Henlein was born. How it became an acute problem, endangering the peace of Europe, is the subject of Miss Wiskemann's extremely readable and valuable study.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SECKER & WARBURG.—THE FREEDOM OF THE STREETS. By Jack Common. 6s. SHELL AVIATION DEPARTMENT.—TRUNK AIR ROUTES OF EUROPE. 15s. TEMPLE PRESS.—CYCLING MANUAL AND YEAR BOOK. 1s. UNITED EDITORIAL.—THE LOST BRITISH POLICY: Britain and Spain Since 1700. By Barbara Wertheim. 3s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—BEATING THE CULBERTSONS. By Dr. Paul Stern. 5s. JOHN MURRAY.—EDWARD LEAR: Landscape Painter and Nonsense Poet (1812-1888). By Angus Davidson. Illustrated. 15s. OFF-WHITE. By Neil Woodward. 7s. 6d. PEOPLE ARE MUCH ALIKE. By Basil Maine. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. TAWNY GOES HUNTING. By Allen Chaffee. Illustrated by Paul Bransom. 6s. STANLEY PAUL.—MOCK STAR. By "Sinbad." 8s. 6d. PUTNAM.—A GARDENER'S PROGRESS. By Fred Stoker. Illustrated. 15s. RICH & COWAN.—TWO IN A VALLEY. By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated by Roy Beddington. 7s. 6d. RICHARDS.—TESTAMENT SONNETS. By Martha Wilson. 5s. ROUTLEDGE.—THE MAKING OF A SAILOR. By Alan J. Villiers. Illustrated. 15s. SKEFFINGTON.—ODD CORNERS IN DERBYSHIRE. By William T. Palmer. Illustrated. 6s. WITHERBY.—THE SPELL OF SOUTH AFRICA. By Napier Devitt. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. BANTU BELIEFS AND MAGIC. By C. G. Hobley, C.M.G. Illustrated. 15s. WORLD'S WORK.—SHARK GOTCH SHOOTS IT OUT AND GOES ON THE LAST GREAT ADVENTURE. By Albert Richard Wetjen. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—A MODERN SEA BEGGAR. By Temple Utley. Edited by Freda and Emily Utley. Illustrated.

This England . . .

Beacon at Burton Dassett, Warwickshire

SIT you awhile upon a beacon hill (they are not hard to find in England), and let the fore time steal upon you. What news, sudden, dramatic, went flaring starward from this place, bringing joy or grim resolution to stately hall or hidden cot? The Armada of course; "All night from tower to tower they sprang," to tell us that our England was beset, and send the militia of the midlands swarming south. And Edgehill: from here first went the news of that sad day across the "plain champain" of southern Warwickshire. And so as you descend, reflecting that if our forbears had no telegraph they had much good sense, another beacon shall "beckon" to you. For now is time and mood for a golden Worthington—as old, as English, and as commonsensical as the tower and cresset you have left.

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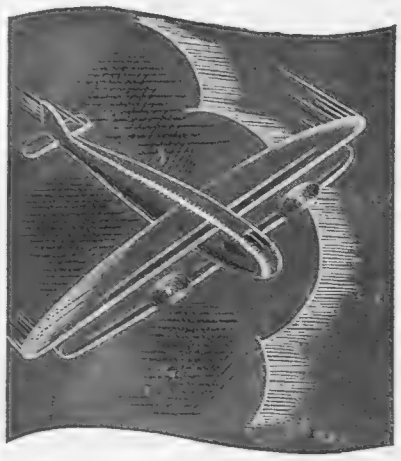

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GATEWAY TO A DOMINION: The familiar outlines of Chateau Frontenac and other buildings towering above the waters of the St. Lawrence at Quebec where the traveller discovers the French colonial atmosphere on his first contact with Canadian soil

GLORY OF THE LAKELAND: The little town of Brissago at the Swiss end of Lake Maggiore, where the still, sun-warmed waters are so inviting at this time of year. Locarno is easily reached from Brissago by motor bus on the shore road

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

CANADA.—During the coming weeks a considerable number of travellers will be packing as much sightseeing as they possibly can into what seems to be an all too short visit. It is a wonderful experience for those whose summer vacation is long enough to allow them to see a number of the outstanding features of the unlimited wealth of interest there is in the Dominion. The fact that you have to leave so much unseen should not damp your enthusiasm, and the tourist who gets through to the Rockies and Vancouver will find he has plenty to talk about for many a long day.

Railway conditions are so good in these days that the long journey across the country has no terrors, and with a maximum of comfort the thrill of it all never flags. For those whose time is more limited, the sail up the St. Lawrence in one of the C.P.R. liners is an unforgettable experience in itself. For two days the vessel passes up the great inland waterway right to the very heart of French Canada. The channel often runs close enough to the south shore for you to get quite a close view of the meadows and many little villages, and the panorama is complete with a background of wooded hills.

The Grisons.—There are many names associated with Switzerland you hear far more often than the Grisons, and I doubt if it is generally realised that it is the name of the largest canton or province in the country. Within its boundaries [illegible] me of the most noted Alpine glaciers, and [illegible] nows rises the Rhine. Two of its most [illegible] s valleys are the Engadine, through which [illegible] the Inn and Davos. If you look at the map of the Grisons scores of familiar names seem to leap to the eye, and to those happy valleys and wooded hills thousands of holidaymakers will be making their way; indeed, the flow of tourists has been steadily swelling for some weeks.

It is sometimes forgotten that some of the places have not only the mantle of crisp fine snow in the winter time and are ideal sports centres but are equally attractive in the smiling summer outfit of green trees, bright flowers and golden sunshine. I saw Davos referred to the other day just as "a good centre for winter sports." It was only half the truth, as the many visitors now staying at the famous Palace Hotel and enjoying the jolly atmosphere there most convincingly testify. It is indeed the centre of social life, and there you can enjoy every sport in one of the most glorious climates in the world.

The Ahr Valley.—Among the many very attractive excursions I have made from Cologne has been one to the Ahr Valley. It can be done in an afternoon, an advantage if your visit is a brief one, but it is a route on which you may want to linger. First of all there is Bonn, famous for its university, glorious minster, and the fact that Beethoven was born in a house on Bonngasse. From Bonn you break away through the Kotten Forest to Altenahr, in a delightful position on the Ahr and dominated by castle ruins. Then the route is down the valley of the river through the mediæval town of Ahrweiler to Bad Neuenahr where there is a world famous spring, and back along the Rhine, passing through Rolenseck and Godesberg. You get some fine views of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Hills, on the other side of the river, most famous among them being the Drachenfels.

Summer Vacations in Canada: The Two Mantles of the Grisons: An Interesting Excursion in the Rhineland

Colmar.—Now let us have a peep at this interesting town, not far from the Rhine but up in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest. Colmar has been in and out of historical happenings for centuries and has collected many things of interest to the traveller. It is a typical Alsatian town, with picturesque old houses, steep roofs, and window-boxes bright with flowers. The centre piece is the Champ de Mars, and there are a thirteenth-century cloister and Gothic nave in the Unterlinden Museum, once a Dominican monastery. Another old monastery of the same period once used by Franciscans is now a hospital.

The Maison Pfister, the Maison des Tetes, the late sixteenth-century Renaissance building now used by the Police Commissariat, and the fifteenth-century custom house are other buildings of special interest, and a quaint spot is what is known as La Petite Venise, where the old houses overhang the river Lauch. For sidelights on domestic life in Colmar, it is fortunate if your visit to this quarter happens to coincide with washing day!

There are many places close to Colmar worth visiting. Some of them made history in the great war.

Casablanca. — Of all the places in Africa, probably Casablanca is known to more people in this country than any other. The reason, of course, is that many have been there in cruising liners, as it is frequently used by those bound for the Atlantic Isles. You must not judge all Africa on this one brief call, for many influences have been at work there through the ages. The architecture is very mixed, but there is a very sharp division between the old Moorish port and quarter and the modern French town. There have been great improvements in the country in recent years and some good roads and railways have been opened up to the coast and interior.

Rabat, to the north, and Sale, on the other side, are old towns you may have time to visit. The former, surrounded by walls, is on high ground with a commanding citadel, a striking tower and interesting ruins. Sale at one time had a very bad reputation as a pirates' lair. There is a special thrill in excursions in Morocco . . . the bazaars, sheiks and the Foreign Legion. C. P. Wren contributed a lot to that, and Harry Welchman, too.

IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY: The scene in Beauvais last week during the annual re-enactment of the defence of the town by Jeanne de la Hachette in 1472 when she led the womenfolk and helped to repel Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and his 80,000 men

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

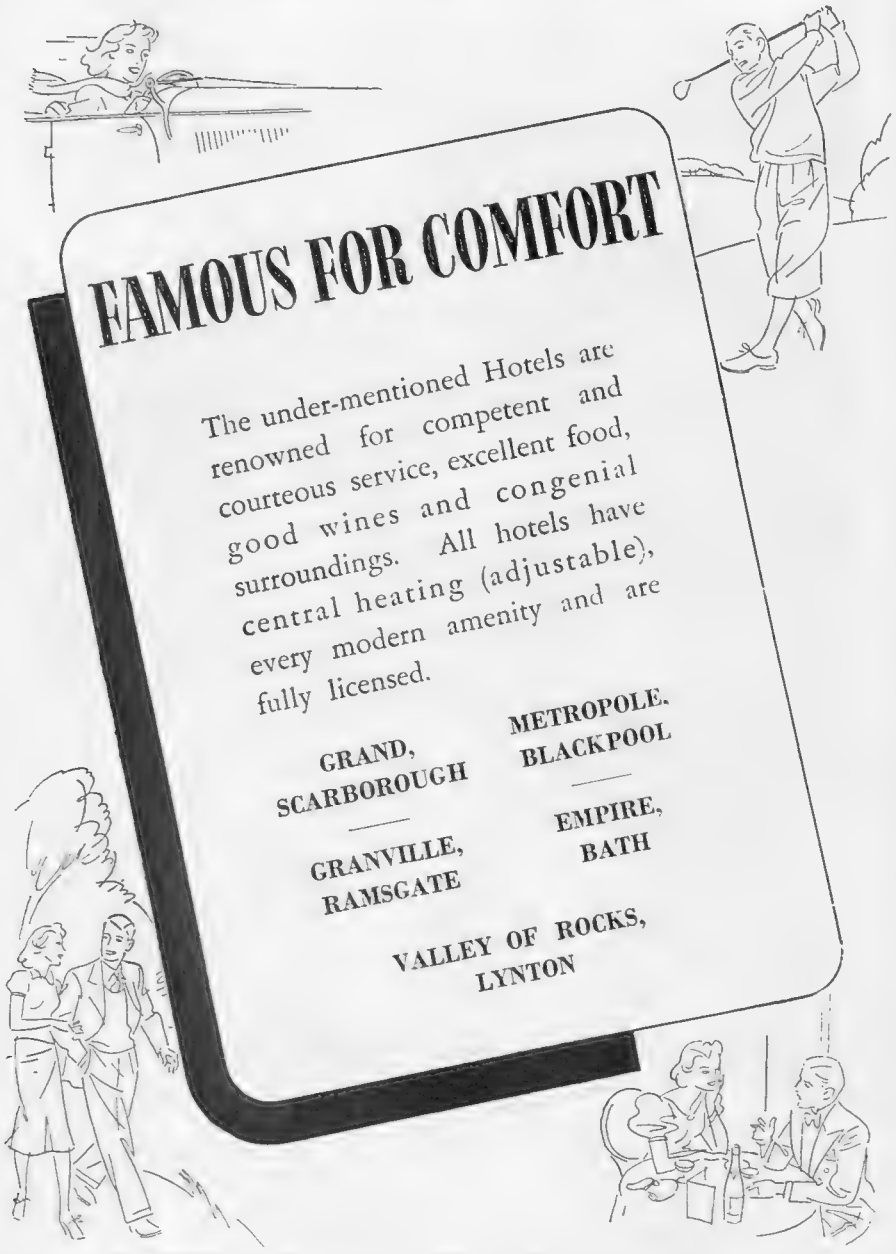
Merlimont Plage.—If you do not mind a rather quiet place Merlimont can be warmly recommended. It is not very far from Le Touquet, where there is excellent golf, and has magnificent sands. We recommend the Hotel St. Georges, which has running water in all rooms, and the food is good. The terms for rooms and pension are about 50 francs per day and you could certainly arrange special terms for children.

Fano.—This is the nearest bathing resort to Esbjerg and one of the most popular centres in Denmark. The Kurhotellet is one of the best hotels. There are eighty rooms, and a single room with pension costs from 10 kronen per day.

Le Lavandou.—This is a very charming place, about mid-way along the coast between Marseilles and Nice. It is comparatively quiet and has a long stretch of glorious sands. The bathing is excellent. The Roches Fleurs and the Provence are very comfortable hotels, room with pension costing 70 to 120 francs and 65 to 85 francs per day respectively. Not far away is Le Rayol, another lovely resort, where we recommend the Rayol-Bellevue Hotel which charges 60 to 80 francs per day for room and pension.

Italian Lakes.—You will probably find the weather warm in the Italian lake district and on the Riviera during the latter part of this month. Stresa is a very good centre for steamer trips on Lake Maggiore, and we would also suggest Menaggio and Bellagio. There are bus services on the lake-shore roads. As you want to do the outward journey by day you could have a break in Paris and get through from there in a day.

Beverley Brooke



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GRAND, SCARBOROUGH

METROPOLE, BLACKPOOL

GRANVILLE, RAMSGATE

EMPIRE, BATH

VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON

In Quest o

The Dudley at Hove and t Offer Something Out of th

TWO hotels which I have visited recently prompt this article, for although they are different in almost every way, they yet have certain points of similarity which I think are of interest. The Dudley Hotel at Hove is one, and Coombe House Hotel at Shaftesbury is the other.

Both these places, which are extraordinarily comfortable and can be wholeheartedly recommended, derive their quality from able management in the main, and from a certain atmosphere of distinction and good taste which they manage to achieve among their guests.

The Dudley is a very old hotel, which has been well known in Hove for a long time. Unfortunately, its reputation has not always been of the highest, but since it has been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. F. Kung any criticisms which may have been made in the past about its somewhat old-fashioned equipment and lack of modern conveniences can be completely eliminated.

The Kungs, in fact, have taken on a very interesting labour of love. For their idea has been to maintain the atmosphere of quiet dignity which has always characterised the Dudley, and to add to it everything that goes to make a good modern hotel first-class.

Their efforts have so far been strik ingly successful. The four most signi ficant changes which you will notic nowadays are the addition of a reall magnificent new lounge, of a ver attractive little American bar, of an excellent ballroom, and of hot and cold running water and a telephone in every bedroom.

The lounge, I suppose, was the most needed of these. And, so far from being cramped for space, the Dudley can now boast of some of the most attractive and spacious lounge accommodation in Brighton. The American bar and the ballroom have been so placed that any incidental noise which may come from them does not penetrate to the rest of the hotel. And although you will now find it possible to lead a very gay life at the Dudley, should you so desire, its reputation for quiet has been admirably maintained.

Mr. and Mrs. Kung have spared nothing in the effort to make their hotel as attractive and comfortable as it possibly can be. I was much impressed on a recent visit with the comfort of the bedrooms, most of them now with completely new furnishings, and the luxury and profusion of the bathrooms

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THE NEW

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With its American bar, its magnificent new lounge and its fine cuisine, it is now a centre of gaiety and good living; while remaining, both in situation and atmosphere, completely quiet and comfortably select. 80 bedrooms, all with running water and telephone: many private baths. Terms from 5½ gns. a week. Resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kung (Swiss), late of the May Fair Hotel, London. Tel.: Hove 6266.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Coombe House at Shaftesbury
Ordinary to the Discriminating

The Dudley has always, in my opinion, occupied one of the most strategic positions on the whole of Brighton's front. For, being just in Hove, it is away from all the hubbub of trippers, and yet a bare five minutes' walk from the West Pier. It will not be long, I fancy, before the Dudley is regarded as just about the most comfortable hotel in the borough. Mr. and Mrs. Kung are Swiss, and it is an axiom of the hotel world that Swiss hoteliers are positive geniuses at their job.

But sometimes English people prove that the Swiss are by no means the only people who can run hotels, and if there is one part of England from which good hotel-keepers consistently arise, it is Yorkshire. And it is from Yorkshire that Captain and Mrs. Sidney Wormald, who are the proprietors of Coombe House Hotel at Shaftesbury, hail.

Here again great enterprise has been shown in making what might have been a very ordinary country house hotel into something which is definitely above the ordinary. Coombe House was built as a millionaire's house, that is to say no expense was spared to make both the building and the grounds as complete as they could be.

And as it is now run, you yourself may well feel like a millionaire as you stay in it and enjoy the magnificent gardens, now brightly coloured with countless rhododendron bushes, and the beautifully proportioned and furnished rooms.

Shaftesbury is perhaps less well known than it might be on account of not having a railway station. But there is a station within the easiest possible reach of Captain Wormald's car, and the town is such an excellent centre for touring the whole of the middle west part of England, that I feel many of my readers will be pleased to know of such an excellent halting place.

But with all its natural advantages —and you will agree when you go there that they are many—you will still feel, as I do, that the success of Coombe House depends primarily on the constant attention to detail shown by Captain and Mrs. Wormald. Nothing, you feel, is likely to go wrong, because everything is personally and closely supervised. And if anything did go wrong, you would have complete confidence that a quiet word in the right place would soon see it put right—and permanently so.

GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

PEACE

No Passports. No Visas. No Channel Crossing. A quick train journey or a pleasant run by car and then . . . peace.

LINCOMBE HALL

THE GARDEN HOTEL OF TORQUAY

Nothing to worry about. All the comforts of a well-appointed hotel at your disposal, and around all the beauty spots of glorious Devon. Tennis? Bathing? Room with private bath? Picnics?

Our booklet will tell you all. Write to-day for a copy.

Peace . . . and Perfection

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. S. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. *Telephone: Torquay 2161.*

Comfort and Calm

No music, no dancing — not even a cocktail bar; but in their place you will find at all times an atmosphere of comfort and calm. The Granby has been called "the headquarters of the finest English cooking", and nothing tinned or twice cooked is ever served. There are 200 rooms, many with private bath, and a choice of self-contained suites.

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Crafts of all kinds for hire. A first-class hotel in every respect. Write to S. Baker for details. Telephone: Falmouth 440–1.

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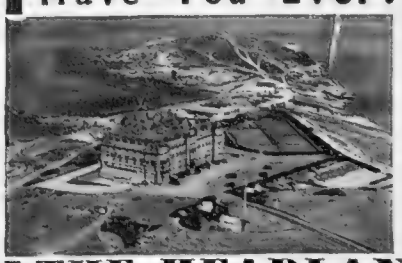
Have You Ever?



. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME DOWN THIS SUMMER TO

THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. *Telephone: Newquay 511*

The Principal Hotel in a fashionable town is The Prince—in fact, *the* social hub of the north-west. For your entertainment are theatres, concerts, and all manner of sport, including seven first-class golf courses within half-an-hour of our doors. Inside the Hotel, a high standard of luxury prevails, with an admirable cuisine and impeccable service.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

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For full details of moderate tariff, write H. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones: 4131.

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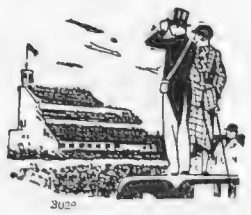

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The percentage of light transmitted to the eye through Barr & Stroud Binoculars has never been exceeded, all models are light in weight and have a beautiful permanent finish.

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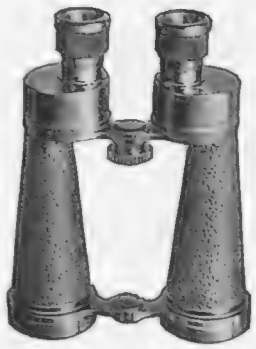
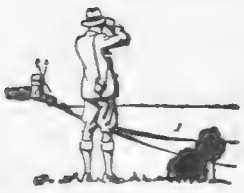


Type CF 30. 7 × 50 Binocular
ADOPTED FOR GENERAL USE IN THE BRITISH NAVY



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YE OLDE WHITE HORSE LONDON 56½ MILES

Near ST. NEOTS EATON SOCON HUNTS.

A small Inn of considerable character where you will find old-world surroundings, modern comforts and always . . . a genuine welcome. Mrs. A. Langtry, Resident Proprietress. Telephone: Eaton Socon 208

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STRETTON .. .. OAKHAM

If you would take your "ease" at an Inn, you should appreciate the Ram Jam. It is on the Great North Road and a half-way house between London and York. Unique in name, you will find it just as unique in its completeness. Try it and see. Telephone: Castle Bytham 9

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A perfect half-way house, 8 miles north of Newark, where we offer you peace, restfulness, and excellent fare, in a first-class country hotel.

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Well-appointed modern cottages of different sizes to suit each party from 13/6 per night per cottage for two persons.
H. & C. bathroom, private sitting room, wireless, garage.
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3 MILES FROM THE GREAT NORTH ROAD
CLOSE TO RIPON CATHEDRAL & FOUNTAINS ABBEY

A convenient centre for Yorkshire Dales. Luxuriously appointed and standing in grounds of 20 acres. Private Suites. Cocktail Lounge. Sun Lounge. Visited in 1937 by over 8,000 motorists. Telephone: Ripon 48

In Quest of

Pitlochry, an Ideal Headquarters for the Highlands : On the Trunk Road

IN a recent itinerary prepared by a motoring organisation to cover the Trossachs, Deeside and Caledonian Canal, I notice that they recommend going from Dunkeld via Blairgowrie and Braemar and that Pitlochry was omitted entirely, yet Pitlochry is but 12 miles from Dunkeld. There is a magnificent road over the moors from Pitlochry to meet the Blairgowrie-Braemar road, and the extra distance, if any, is infinitesimal.

No itinerary of Scotland, in my opinion, should ever omit Pitlochry. Situated as it is on the main trunk road to Inverness and John o' Groats, the difficulty is not one of including it, but of tearing oneself away when one gets there.

Geographically, Pitlochry occupies a very strategic position for touring the Highlands and Deeside. In fact, it is as near as nothing in the centre of Scotland, and Pitlochry's hotels are above the average. The Atholl Palace Hotel, as SPHERE readers must already know, is in my opinion one of the finest hotels in all Scotland, and in Fisher's and Scotland s Pitlochry has two more hotels which positively claim the right of a visit.

I have never yet had the pleasure of staying at Fisher's, but on chance visits to it I have been much impressed by its extraordinarily comfortable and complete equipment, by its really beautiful garden and grounds, and at least on one occasion by eating there one of the best breakfasts of my life.

Scotland's is smaller, but very comfortable and in its own way a first-class family hotel. Its main objection is that like so many of these Scottish hotels people who have once been there will go again and again, and the chance visitor —unless he has the wisdom to warn them of his arrival in advance—may find it full up.

I still get a number of inquiries from people entering Scotland by the Carlisle route and so I must again, as I have done before, stress the almost surprising comfort of the Abington Hotel, which is fifty miles or so north of Carlisle and which you are bound to pass on the route going northward or southward. As it may be your first experience of

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the
FOREST HILLS HOTEL
offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard. 210. Fully Licensed.
LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

PERTH—STATION HOTEL
(Adjoins Station)
100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., V.M. appointments
Telephone: 741

NORTH BERWICK
MARINE HOTEL
ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE
Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Glasgow by road or rail. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE : Manager W. A. THIEM : Telephone 366

CALLANDER
PALACE HOTEL
Every comfort and facility for rest or enjoyment after a strenuous day at The Empire Exhibition, which is within an hour's run. It stands in 48 acres of private grounds. Golf, tennis, fishing, and motoring. Delightful walks and drives in a glorious countryside famous in Scots song and story. Cuisine par excellence. Service superb.
'Phone: 45 Callender. Brochure on request from the Manager.

Edinburgh's most modern hotel is
NOW OPEN
The New Carlton is the first Edinburgh hotel to have private bathroom, telephone and central heating with each of its hundred rooms. The charges are extremely reasonable, ranging from 12/6 to 15/6, including breakfast. The food is excellent. Here is a fully licensed luxury hotel in every sense of the word, having Restaurant, Silver Grill, Lounges and Ballroom. And as for convenience . . . it faces Princes Street; is adjacent to Waverley Station (L.N.E.R.) and has a garage adjoining.
NEW CARLTON HOTEL
Telephone: Edinburgh 32811 (4 lines). NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH *Telegrams: "Bestotel, Edinburgh"*

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

om which to Tour Deeside and Inverness and John o' Groats

Scottish hotel, I can assure you that it will be a pleasant one, but, as with Scotland's, do make certain of your rooms before you arrive, as there are many others beside myself who think highly of it. The telephone number is Abington, Lanarkshire, 205.

Another hotel of which I wrote last year is the Royal, Tyndrum, an admirable spot for those who are appreciative of the wild tracts of Highland country. Here the mountains can be seen to different advantage according to the time of day and the weather. Situated as the Royal is at an important road junction, where travelling eastward you can either drive northward to the Pass of Glencoe or southward to Ardlui and Glasgow, it is an hotel to stop at, not only for its scenic surroundings, but for its strategic position.

One cannot, of course, see everything in one visit to Scotland, but on no account must you miss the Pass of Glencoe. At one time, to traverse it was a motorist's adventure; to-day the road is so good that one can even have one eye for the majesty of the scenery around. A set itinerary may make it difficult to choose your day, but if possible choose one when the mountain tops are suddenly blotted out by rain storms and then as suddenly revealed again as the rain gives way to the sun.

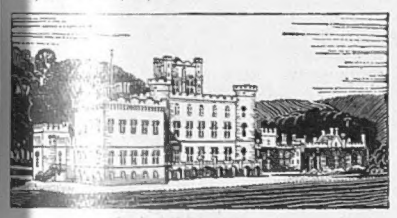
IN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT

J. W. of Louth writes to ask if I can recommend an hotel in Dunkeld, and as I see from my files that I have not yet made mention of the very excellent hotel there, his inquiry may be of interest to other people. The place to go to is, of course, the Birnam, which is an admirable halting place for either a night or a longer stay.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

A BARE 80 MILES RUN FROM GLASGOW

Telephone: Aberfeldy 9.



and the Empire Exhibition lies Taymouth Castle. In Tudor times a feudal stronghold—to-day a modern hotel! Here in the heart of the Grampians you can explore the peaks and glens, fish the Tay, play tennis, badminton or golf in the Castle's own 500 acres. Here you will find twentieth-century comfort (there's even a modern dance-floor) in the atmosphere of 400 years ago.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE HOTEL

ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL

In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

BRAEMAR (By Balmoral).

Over 1,100 feet above sea level.

For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.

THE INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

Leading and Best.

Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis. Motor Garage.

Tel.: Braemar 203. H. & C. water throughout. Central Heating. Resident Proprietor: J. GREGOR

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift. Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

Telephone: 14.

Further Particulars apply Manageress.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition. Tariff free.

PEEBLES HYDRO

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THE IDEAL HOLIDAY HOTEL—and so convenient for the Exhibition!

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO

DUNBLANE Phone 161 **PERTHSHIRE**

On main North Road less than an hour's run from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Reconstructed and with every modern comfort. Largest private indoor Swimming Pool in Scotland, Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Bowling, Dancing, Orchestra. Fully Licensed. Managing Director, R. Gillies, of Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, and Royal Hotel, Bridge of Allan.

Terms from Resident Manager, A. P. Tregenna.

LOCKERBIE HOUSE HOTEL

(25 miles North of Carlisle)

IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.

Phone: Lockerbie 150. *TARIFF ON APPLICATION.*

BRAEMAR — FIFE ARMS HOTEL

Patronised by Royalty and the Court.

The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 ft. above sea level.

Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.

H. and C. water in Bedrooms.

Golf—Tennis—Salmon Fishing—Mountaineering.

'Phone 214. **Appointed R.A.C., R.S.A.C., A.A.** *Manager: R. U. Shand.*

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FISHER'S HOTEL

In own beautiful grounds amidst finest scenery in Perthshire Highlands. Ideal for Restful Holiday.

Central heating throughout. Large Public-Rooms. Garage. 18-Hole Golf Course 10 minutes walk. Terms on application. *Telephone No. 12—Address Manageress.*

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R.S.A.C. A.A.**** R.A.C.

EVERYTHING THE MODERN TRAVELLER DEMANDS. GARAGE.

Telephone: Oban 4. Telegrams: "Western." *K. A. W. SLATER, Resident Manager.*

"WHAT! Never heard of Gullane?" (pronounced Gîllan in Scotland, please). Well, Gullane means Golf. Three first-class courses, short, medium, and long. Muirfield immediately opposite, and five others within five miles. Sea bathing on a sandy beach. Tennis, motoring, and walking. Your Headquarters?

THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE

EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND

A Modern Luxury Hotel with 50 bedrooms. Food and wine—first class. The terms moderate. Write to-day to E. Crichton for Booklet, or 'phone: Gullane 106

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL

Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

ROYAL HOTEL · · TYNDRUM

Tel.: Tyndrum 2 PERTHSHIRE

800 ft. above sea level. Situated in the Hill Country of the beautiful Western Highlands on the new Glencoe Road. Shooting, Salmon and Trout fishing · · Mountaineering

A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. **A. C. Stewart**—Proprietor.

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry

First-Class Family and Residential Hotel

Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.

Telephone: 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*

A.A., R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. Appointments. S. W. Keeble, Manager.

AUCHRAW HOTEL

LOCHEARNHEAD

Situated in a beautiful position on the edge of the Loch. All modern conveniences. Hot and Cold Water throughout. Boating. Free Fishing on Loch Earn. Hill Climbing.

For Brochure write to the Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Shaibe, or 'phone Lochearnhead 3.

The Gateway to Good Golf . . .

LUNDIN LINKS HOTEL

FIFE

Lundin Links are at our door and some of the world's finest courses, including St. Andrews, are our near neighbours. For full details of this first-class sporting hotel write to A. Muriset, Proprietor, or telephone Lundin Links 7.

PIONEERING UNDER PROTECTION

(*Continued from page 14*)

followed would have to be adopted. These conditions forced the settlers to seek their livelihood, at least for the time being, from other sources than mixed farming and fruit growing. So they turned their attention to the lake.

The first of their enterprises was the sale of sea sand. It called for no training. The material was at hand on the shore of the historic Sea of Galilee, requiring only to be excavated and sometimes sifted. The problem was its transportation. Its cartage by land around the southern shore of the sea was found to be lengthy and expensive, particularly in winter, when the primitive paths easily become bogged. So a motor-boat was acquired, and a large raft constructed, by means of which the sand is transported to Tiberias and other places.

The first attempt to grow vegetables turned out a dismal failure, due chiefly to the peculiar climatic conditions of the region. The eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee is hotter than the western, while the sirocco, or hot desert winds, are stronger than anywhere else in the country. Blowing down into the valley from the plateau with terrific force, the sirocco gives no quarter to young plants and seedlings. Furthermore, the rainfall is less than on the western shore and the winter cold more severe. The soil also is poor.

Despite these set-backs the colonists are by no means downhearted. The surrounding hills are reported to be rich in gypsum, and the colonists are investigating the truth of this report. In any case, the hills should prove suitable for sheep-rearing, and one of their members is studying this branch of farming in another colony in Palestine. Meanwhile, the gallant little band of Jewish toilers are carrying on, doing a little ploughing, improving their banana plantation, and fishing on the lake.

Cut off as they are from the rest of their Jewish brethren in Palestine, their cultural life is not so full as many of them would wish. But they have Hebrew and Arabic classes, Bible and nature-study groups, and frequent discussions among themselves on current questions. Because their number is small and they are concentrated within the small barricaded area that constitutes their village, their life is intensive and has all the qualities of a closely-knit family life. As Mr. Mordechai remarked, however, "sometimes we keenly feel the isolation, and long for the time when Ain Geb will cease to be a solitary outpost of forty men and women."

THE CHARLES DICKENS LETTERS

(*Continued from page 32*)

his eldest son, Charles, was to live with his mother, which was taken by some that the son sided with his mother—"And when you represent me, however unconsciously—as when you tell Luard it is a point in the case, that Charley sides with his mother—you strike me in a tender place, and wound me deeply. . . Charley's living with his mother to take care of her is *my* idea—not his."

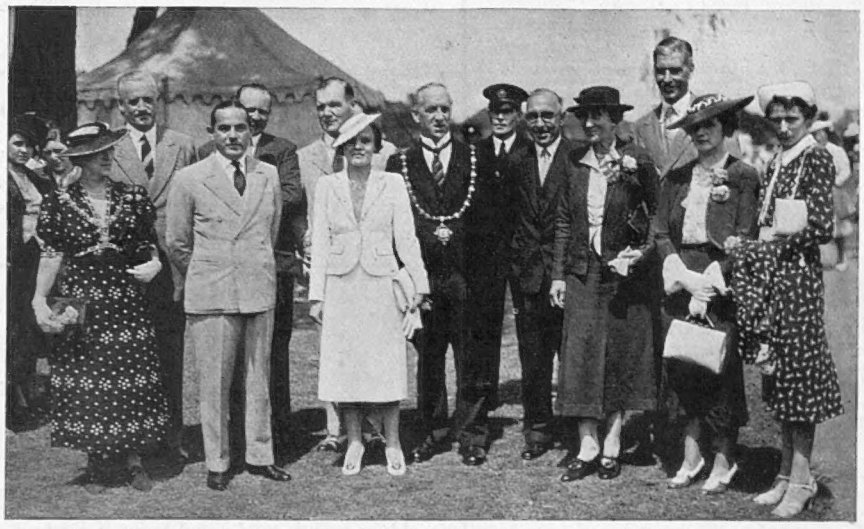
But this unhappy event, which brought out the failings of his character, occurred towards the end of his strenuous life, whereas the other letters show his vivid enjoyment of life. He writes gaily about his various houses, their troubles over decorations, "the drawing-room estimate is what Mr. Swiveller calls a staggerer," and sends an amusing letter to a friend concerning an umbrella—"All knowledge of your umbrella is strongly denied, and nobody has seen it; wherefore I plead with legal distinctness: first, that we sent it back; secondly, that it was an old one when it came, and thirdly, that we never had it at all."

A series of letters to his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, who had lived with him all his married life and mothered his children, give a most interesting account of those famous readings which so excited him, and which finally brought about his collapse. At every town there was the same story, hundreds turned away, audience weeping or laughing at the reader's will, women begging for the flower he wore in his coat.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

1,200 poor children are now being given a real chance in life, a chance that was impossible before they entered the Society. These 1,200 happy and contented youngsters living in ideal surroundings are being maintained and trained to become worthy citizens of our great Empire. Apart from the training of boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy, the Society trains boys for definite trades—careers for which they have a natural aptitude—and the girls are prepared for domestic service. Will you please send donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged.

MARGATE TOPS THE POLL IN LONDON FIRM'S ANNUAL OUTING BALLOT



CIVICALLY RECEIVED: The Mayor of Margate, Councillor G. B. Farrar, J.P., pictured with Mr. Edward S. Baron, Chairman of Carreras, his co-directors, and their ladies, after luncheon on the firm's annual outing to Margate which was attended by about 3,750 employees

3,750 Employees Go for a Day at the Sea in Five Special Trains

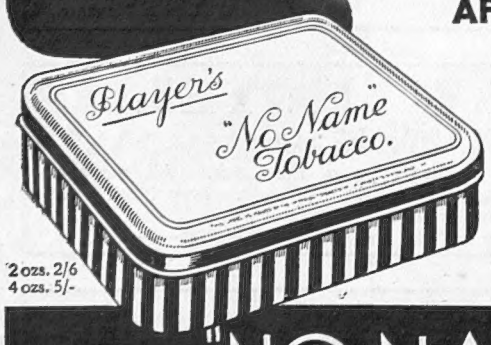
Three thousand girls at the Black Cat factory in London were asked where they would like to go for their annual outing, the only condition being that it must be somewhere within two hours of London. Margate topped the poll with 1,700 votes, and Clacton, Hastings, and Brighton were next in order of popularity, while Aldershot also received a number of votes.

On the day of the outing almost 3,000 girls, escorted by 750 men, comprising the complete London staff of Carreras Ltd., went to Margate in five special trains. This was the thirty-second annual holiday trip organised by the directors, the first having been in 1907.

The entire party was entertained to lunch and tea in a vast marquee. Mr. Edward S. Baron, the Chairman of the Company, presided at the lunch, and he was accompanied by his co-directors, Mr. W. H. Louden, Mr. H. W. Danbury, Mr. J. A. Sinclair, Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P., Mr. W. M. Codrington, M.C., and Sir Francis Humphrys. The Mayor of Margate was a guest at the luncheon and welcomed the visitors.

AFTER MANŒUVRES . . .

he is waiting for the London train. Yes, everyone behaved very well. Feeling rather mud-stained, though. His thoughts dwell on a bath and a steak. Meantime (he brings out that well-known black and white tin)—a pipe of **"NO NAME."** You would expect such a man to smoke **"NO NAME,"** that excellent, dependable tobacco.



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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Atlanta Hotel.—First class. Central but very quiet. Cosy. Modern. All rooms with bath. Single 10/-, double 14/-. 200 rooms.

Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—
The leading hotel.
The finest hotel rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Best first-class hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Apply for prospectus M. Vandenbosch.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Near Cannes' golf Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Königswinter o/Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms, 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel. opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
Coupon d'hotel (A) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blenies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11 -. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delight. home-like atmos. All cmfts. and amenities. Renowned cuisine. Diet. Inclusive terms from 12s. 6d.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest situation. Most comfortable. Excellent catering.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation *directly* on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—The Excelsior has the best sitn. on Lake.—1st cl.—110 rms. all South. Recmd. for a stay all year round. Personal attention.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village, 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Spiez.—Strand-Hotel Belvédère.—Excellent hotel in unrivalled position on the Lake of Thun, Bernese Oberland. Pension from Frs. 9.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Parkhotel.
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen (Bernese Oberland).—Parc Hotel Beausite.—First class family hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac.—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury.—Coombe House Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn,
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

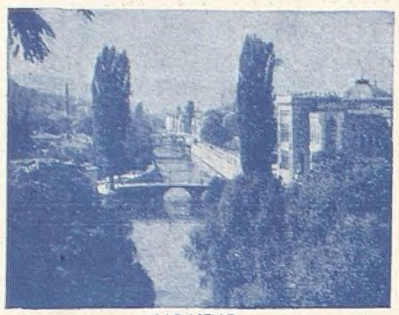
Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

VISIT YUGOSLAVIA

AND ITS TOWNS



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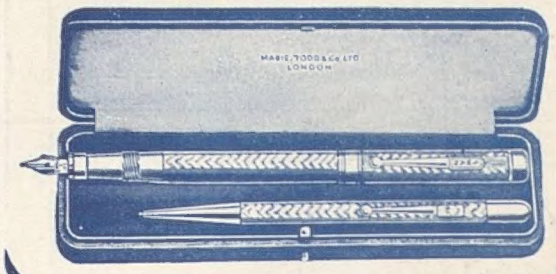

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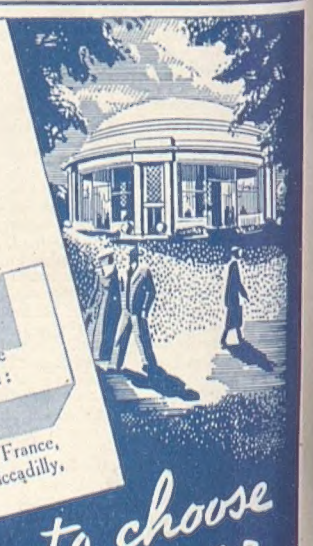

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